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THE RELEASE OF GANDHI and other Nationalist leaders in India, with the concurrent termination of the government order under which the Working Committee of the Congress Party has been an outlaw organization, will make fluid, at least temporarily, a situation that threatened to harden into deadlock. The release was made, according to the Viceroy, in order that the Nationalist leaders might be free to decide their future attitude toward the Round Table results. It is hard to see how the Working Committee in the light of past pronouncements can consistently accept the Round Table recommendations as they stand without convincing assurance that the self-government promised therein shall be real and the reservations shall not be merely a device for preserving British dominance. Unconditional amnesty to the thousands of political prisoners in Indian jails might provide that assurance. It might even break down the power of the Congress Party to continue its revolutionary activities. As it is, the release of the leaders serves to dramatize the plight of the led, who still remain in prison. At the same time it appears that the Round Table results, along with the gesture of amnesty so far given, will find considerable favor among the business elements, whose wide support of the Congress Party is amply proved by the statistics of British-Indian trade given out the day before Gandhi's release. In the event of a split in the Congress Party, the future course of events—the difference between further cooperation with the British and revolution—will depend of course on the strength of the two factions. At present only one thing is certain—the decision of the Working Committee will be the next important development in the Indian drama.

CASH FOR VETERANS, in the form of an immediate payment upon application of the adjusted service certificates held by veterans of the World War, has now been demanded by the national executive committee of the American Legion, notwithstanding that a resolution favoring such payment was tabled by the national convention of the Legion at its meeting at Boston last fall. The retirement of the certificates at this time would, in the opinion of the committee, "materially assist in the relief of present distressful economic conditions," "put new life into American business," and "benefit immeasurably not only the veterans themselves, but the citizenship of the entire country." The hard-headed Mr. Mellon does not see it that way. Commenting on the Garner bill calling for the immediate payment not only of the veterans' certificates, but also of the 25 per cent added for endowment insurance and 4 per cent compound interest from the date of issuance, Mr. Mellon points out that the Treasury would have to borrow at least $2,100,000,000, or $375,000,000 more than the face value of the certificates, and that such a loan, even assuming that it could be floated, would heavily deplete capital funds available for industrial or other use. We are entirely with Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover in their opposition to the immediate-payment scheme. Not only would the endowment insurance be swept away, but the bonus payments themselves, on the average only a trifle more than $1,000, would almost certainly be dissipated for immediate needs without leaving any provision for the future.

A SPECIAL FEDERAL GRAND JURY has indicted Victor Seymour, former Western manager of the Republican Senatorial Committee, and George W. ("Grocer") Norris, of Broken Bow, Nebraska, for perjury in their testimony in the Nye committee's investigation of the anti-Norris campaign in Nebraska. Senator Norris declares that the end is not yet, and newspaper dispatches state that additional indictments are expected. We set forth these facts only to remind our readers once more of the utterly unscrupulous nature of the campaign that was waged against Senator Norris, and the readiness of officials in his own party organization to defeat a man whose loyalty to the public interest was greater than his loyalty to that organization or its financial backers. Men whose memories go back a month will not forget the part played by Robert H. Lucas, executive director of the Republican National Committee, in the campaign against Senator Norris, and his attempt to read the Nebraskan out of the party when his own work was brought to light. There has been criticism of the work of the Nye committee, but certainly in respect to the anti-Norris campaign it has contributed materially to our under-

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standing of the meaninglessness of the present political line-up and to our appreciation of the forces really at work in our politics.

THE CONFERENCE of seven governors of industrial States called by Governor Roosevelt to consider questions of unemployment and stabilization of industry has given needed stimulus to the discussion of unemployment insurance. President Hoover simply sits tight, and there is no hope of national executive leadership, though the problem is national in scope. The governors are to be commended for taking up the question, but at best State action is bound to be partial and inadequate. According to Governor Roosevelt's announcement, the adjourned conference of governors has authorized a series of subsequent meetings by representatives of the industrial and tax departments of the States concerned. The first one, to be held in New York, will consider European and American experience with both voluntary and compulsory unemployment insurance, and the modifications of such plans that ought to be made here if a general system by States should be adopted. Nothing but good can come of any genuine study of this problem, but we cannot too strongly insist on the essentially national character of any solution that even gives promise of being satisfactory. We hope that the representatives of the seven industrial States involved will help make that clear.

THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION, in addition to urging Congress to repeal the recapture clause of the Transportation Act as not only useless, but mischievous in its possibilities, also recommends important changes in the rate provisions of the act. The fundamental theory that the regulating body should attempt to insure a fair return on the value of the property used in transportation has always appeared to us economically impracticable, and the Supreme Court in the O'Fallon and other cases has complicated the matter yet further with considerations of reproduction cost and other disturbing elements. The commission now invites Congress to help free it from court-imposed fetters by requiring it, in fixing the general level of rates, to give attention to the transportation needs of the country, the necessity for an adequate credit basis for the carriers, and the further necessity that the carriers furnish adequate service at the lowest possible cost. Transportation costs are a necessary charge against industry, which under private ownership must of course cover the cost of adequate service if industry is not to suffer. This public conception of a rate basis, however, differs sharply from the idea that the primary purpose in fixing rates is to **insure adequate return to railroad capital**, which seems largely to have dominated the court's thinking on the subject. It will be a public gain if Congress gives the commission the legislation it asks, thus lending legislative sanction to the more enlightened theory of rate-making held by the commission as opposed to the majority of the court.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS COUNCIL lacks courage. In setting February, 1932, as the date for the world disarmament conference, it privately intimated that it would like to have an American preside over the meeting. It is widely anticipated that the conference will resolve itself into an old-fashioned dog fight over purely European political questions. The United States, traditionally in any event, has no stomach for the job of sitting in as umpire at Europe's domestic quarrels. Hence the promptness and the coldness with which Washington rejected the Council's suggestion. The State Department quite properly pointed out that the main question at the conference will concern land armaments, that this question is peculiarly European, and that Europe therefore should seek among its own statesmen for a conference chairman. Again, in the Polish-German controversy the Council, though displaying more tact, showed little courage. A formula for rebuking Poland was found that not only satisfied the Germans, but was acceptable to the Poles. This is perhaps excellent diplomacy, but nowhere in the dispatches from Geneva is it even suggested that the minorities row between the two countries has been permanently settled. However, the New York *Times* reported Foreign Minister Henderson of Great Britain as describing "the solution as one of which the League could be proud and which would relieve all its friends." Obviously, it is more important to the peace of the world that the friends of the League should be relieved than it is to remove a condition that disinterested observers believe is leading Europe to a new war.

RUSSIA MUST HAVE ENGINEERS and technical experts to carry its Five-Year Plan through to successful completion, and it appears that capitalism out of its very weakness will help Communists to meet this need. Lack of adequate technical assistance has long been the largest problem the Soviet Government has had to face in its scheme of industrialization. An authority on Russia, writing in the conservative London *Economist* last November, said: "The training of hundreds of thousands of workers for the task of industrialization is one of the most baffling problems of the Five-Year Plan. The number, quality, and devotion of these *cadres,* as the industrial army is called in Russia, will in the end decide the fate of the industrial revolution." Moscow sought to overcome this difficulty by increasing the number of its training schools and speeding up the courses. Unfortunately, the schools have failed to produce enough qualified men to meet the demands of the industrialization program, and Moscow has now turned to the workers in the capitalist world for help. It has announced that positions are open for 3,000 engineers, 3,000 foremen, and 7,000 workmen. The appeal comes at a time when the capitalist countries are suffering from one of their protracted periods of depression and unemployment. There can be little doubt that of the millions of men out of work at least 13,000 will be found willing and competent to fill the positions Russia has to offer.

MUST THE WASHINGTON GOVERNMENT be continually reminded that its complete exclusion of Japanese immigration under the terms of the 1924 law has not been and cannot be forgotten by the Japanese people? Will Washington never awaken to the fact that until amends for this gratuitous Congressional insult have been made, there will always be an undertone of falsity and hypocrisy in our otherwise friendly relations with Japan? During and for a few weeks after the London Naval Conference hope was revived that Congress itself would, by putting Japan on a quota basis, take the initiative in repairing as best it

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could the damage it wrought six years before. Chairman Johnson of the House Committee on Immigration promised as much in a statement issued after the signing of the naval treaty. Japanese delegates returning to Tokio felt certain that some such action would result from the markedly more friendly relations between the United States and Japan. High quarters in Washington at least did nothing to discourage the Japanese in this hope. Yet our relations with Japan are still drifting along under the cloud of this insult. According to Foreign Minister Shidehara, the wounding of their national honor is still "weighing heavily on popular sentiment" in Japan. The Japanese remain patient, but Shidehara's recent message to the Diet reveals that they have not forgotten. "We shall," he said, "watch further development of the question with unimpassioned but keen interest." Cannot Washington act of its own accord to repair this wrong?

FRANCE ALONE of the important countries succeeded in staving off hard times when the economic depression was engulfing most of the rest of the world. Now, however, even France has hit the economic toboggan. There were indications of an industrial and commercial decline several months ago, but not until the official year-end reports were made public in Paris was the extent of the decline made known. Foreign trade for 1930 fell off 13,200,000,000 francs, or about 13 per cent, as compared with 1929, but as most of the decrease was registered in the last two months of last year, the drop was more severe than that which has taken place in American foreign trade. Industrial activity showed a similar decline, while the number of unemployed increased in the last three months of the year from 988 to 11,952, a gain of 1,000 per cent. A strong financial position and the well-protected domestic market were among the factors that helped postpone the hard times, and it is thought that they will now operate to keep the slump from reaching disastrous proportions. Nevertheless, economists believe, because of the wide spread between the various price levels, that France will be subjected to a severe price deflation that will tend to aggravate the depression to an extent that otherwise would have been improbable. Besides its economic difficulties France is still laboring under the strain of the Oustric and other financial scandals, and to these was added a few days ago the wheat-speculation scandal which forced the Steeg Government out of office.

EVENTUALLY the State Department may awaken to the fact that its defense and support of the Cuban dictator have not saved and cannot save American property from destruction. Protection of American investments has undoubtedly been the principal motive behind the department's present Cuban policy. Washington has reasoned that by throwing all its weight behind a strong man it could forestall revolution and thus prevent wholesale destruction of property. Until recently this policy met with the anticipated success. Those opposed to Machado realized only too well the hopelessness of attempting a revolution against the remarkably efficient Cuban army. Lately, however, the opposition has expressed itself in other ways; numerous cane fields have been fired and many sugar centrals have been burned. The damage has run into the hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of dollars, most of the loss falling upon American owners and American investors. Details as to this wave of incendiarism are set forth in the flood of daily dispatches that have come to American newspapers from Havana in recent weeks. It cannot be long before the Department of State is confronted with complaints from American investors, whose losses in the sugar-field fires are mounting daily.

A DANDY TIME was had by all at the Poverty Ball held in St. Louis on January 24. Guests were invited to "Emerge from Depression; Celebrate Hard-Times Finale. . . . Your last chance to look poor, act poor, feel poor, talk poor, be poor!" Quaint costumes were helpfully suggested by the committee. Under a picture of an unfortunate-looking tramp with Monday-to-Saturday whiskers was playfully inscribed: "Dress in the New York Manner." An apple-vendor pushing a baby carriage full of apples was another brilliant suggestion with the caption: "A Fruit Magnate in an Executive Capacity." A young lady attired in a barrel was described as "Barreled Sunlight or a Keg of High Spirits." At the St. Louis country club where this merry party was held, three rooms, it was announced beforehand, were to be decorated "in the spirit of the occasion." "One will be a downtown street scene, with its apple salesmen, hot-dog stands, and stores advertising price slashes. One will be a winter scene in a park, with snow and cold benches. The third will be a cellar." There was much more in the same vein, but this will give everyone who was so out of luck as not to be present a good idea of the delicate wit, sympathetic understanding, and deep intellect of the sponsors of the affair. No doubt as a result prosperity will come back to St. Louis with a bang, and the unfortunate ones who didn't get invited but who had to keep on wearing their old clothes on the bread line will have a terribly nice evening reading about it all in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

NEWSPAPER MERGERS go on in England as well as in the United States, the latest to be announced being the amalgamation of the *Nation and Athenaeum* and the *New Statesman*. The old *Nation* and the *Athenaeum*, the former, under its great editor H. J. Massingham, long the foremost of English liberal weeklies, and the latter an equally distinguished literary journal, were merged in 1921. In 1923 the control of the paper passed into the hands of a group of which Professor John Maynard Keynes was the best-known member. The *New Statesman* was founded in 1913 as an organ of those whose political sympathies were with the Labor Party rather than the Liberals, but neither of the two journals was properly to be classed as partisan. The new weekly, which is to be known as the *New Statesman and Nation*, will, it is said, be "an independent organ of the left." The merger will thus leave the Liberals without a weekly organ. The change is in line with a political transformation which has reduced British liberalism to a position of hopeless minority among the parties, and at the same time taken from Labor much of its former socialistic radicalism. As the Liberals, from the standpoint of the Conservatives, are obviously a left party, an "independent organ of the left" may, it would seem, find place for Liberal as well as Labor sentiments. *The Nation* wishes well to the new venture, only hoping that the editors will speak out and hit hard.

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Confusion Worse Confounded

AMAZING and amusing—that's the Wickersham Commission report. The day it was made public some New York newspapers changed their headlines on each successive edition, as they examined a new part of the report, and finally the *Telegram* came out with this head: "Figure It Out for Yourself—We Can't— Editor." The conclusions of the report contradict its evidence, so far as it supplies any evidence, and controvert the conclusions of the individual members. Eleven members, eleven opinions—it seems to be a faithful reflection of the present state of American thought on the liquor question. The London *Morning Post* observes caustically: "The ludicrousness of this babel of conflicting counsel is only equaled by the ludicrousness of the law itself." Opposed (collectively) to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and to the restoration of the legalized saloon, the commission still finds that there is "no adequate observance or enforcement," and that there can be none without the cooperation of the States and the support of public opinion in the several States—which by implication does not exist. Nevertheless, "some of the commission are not convinced that prohibition under the Eighteenth Amendment is unenforceable"; but over their own signatures all except Mr. Lemann are able to agree that if the amendment is to be revised it should take a form giving Congress power to "regulate or prohibit"; after which the commissioners open their mouths, shut their eyes, take a long breath, and unite in recommending nine relatively minor measures for strengthening enforcement of the amendment as it stands. The palm for consistency must be awarded to Mr. Baker, who signs the report opposing repeal, yet states categorically that he favors repeal. Among all the commissioners, however, we confess that our heart goes out to Mr. Lemann, who alone refused to sign.

As one passes from the conclusions to the body of the report, on which presumably the conclusions are based, the wonder grows. It must be remembered that the "amount of scientifically provable facts bearing upon the enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment" available to the commission was small; so it had to depend largely on opinion. Even so it is no great news that "taking the country as a whole, people of wealth, business and professional men, and, perhaps, the higher-paid workingmen and their families are drinking in large numbers in quite frank disregard of the declared policy of the national prohibition act." The report goes on, however: "From its inception to the present time the law has been to a constantly increasing degree deprived of that support in public opinion which was and is essential for its general observance or effective enforcement." The commission continues:

> If, with regard to any law, assuming a vigorous effort at enforcement, the result is found to be that, notwithstanding enormous numbers of convictions, there is little deterrent effect and, after a decade of experience, the volume of violations seems to increase steadily and the public attitude is increasingly indifferent or hostile, the question arises as to whether such a law is, in any proper sense, enforceable.

If we pass to the individual opinions, we only journey farther into wonderland. There is no space for quotation, but only four out of eleven commissioners even favor giving the amendment further trial before considering modification; five want immediate modification; two are for outright repeal now. In other words, seven out of eleven are for immediate change; yet the commission with a perfectly straight face advises no change. This is probably statesmanship; it looks like humor. If anybody can read this document carefully and deny that these commissioners are overwhelmingly against the Eighteenth Amendment he can do better than we can. We do not say that their opinions are necessarily much more important than those of any other eleven equally intelligent citizens; we do simply say that Senator Borah is right in observing: "The torpedoing of the report by the individual views of the members of the commission leaves the report without force or effect in the ultimate solution of the problem."

How did eleven intelligent men and women ever come to make such a report? Politics has bedeviled prohibition from the start; it has prevented the Wickersham Commission from doing anything really useful—and this even if we discredit the unpleasant stories of Presidential interference that lie back of the Tydings resolution. The commission method of dodging executive responsibility is yet further discredited, and prohibition is left where it was except that its opponents will draw much ammunition from the report. In appointing the commission, the President bravely called for "an accurate examination of fact and cause," followed by "constructive, courageous conclusions." Now, ignoring the whole body of the report and the individual opinions of the members, he rejects out of hand the uncertain suggestion of modification. Is his action either constructive or courageous? Is his treatment of the report in his message of transmittal even honest? He bends the report to favor prohibition; then, frightened by the storm of criticism, he lets disclaimers be put forth. Was ever a more pitiful spectacle of cowardice and futility?

We are back at the old possibilities. We may go on as at present, with perhaps more vigorous attempts at enforcement, but, so far as can be determined, with little promise that the lawlessness, corruption, hypocrisy, and nullification now prevailing in great sections of the country will be much lessened. We may conceivably repeal the amendment outright, and go back to State control, with its possibility of the legalized saloon, which everyone professes to reprobate. Or we may perhaps repeal the amendment by modification, thus keeping the liquor question in national politics, where it has already done vastly too much damage. On none of these possibilities has the commission thrown any particular light. Toward none of them has it made any clear-cut and convincing recommendation. For none of them has it offered a single carefully thought-out plan, if exception be made of Mr. Anderson's interesting recommendation of a modified Swedish system under a modified constitutional amendment. The commission is not to be blamed too much, for it was given an impossible task to perform under im-

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possible conditions. The President declined the responsibility of leadership by seeking to shift it to the commission under a "fact-finding" mask, and the hobbled commission has been able to do nothing except to add to the general bewilderment. The report is another liability in the general bankruptcy of the Administration.

New-Party Obstacles

WE may be possessed of a burning desire to form a new party in the interest of better and more equitable government. We may adopt a compelling philosophy and a workable program. We may educate the masses and awaken them to the necessity for such a party. Still the road to success would be blocked by numerous political and constitutional obstacles. These, too, must be tackled and as many as possible removed before a party for the people can be launched with any reasonable hope of getting beyond the discussion and agitation stage.

In another section of *The Nation* several major aspects of this problem are effectively explored by Henry Hazlitt. He suggests that new parties cannot be brought into existence overnight; that they must take firm root in our political life and be permitted to grow normally and naturally. "But," he declares with equal truth, "it is precisely growth from the grass roots that our present election and constitutional machinery is calculated to stifle." He asks for the elimination of lame-duck Congresses and that the people be allowed to elect Presidents by direct voting. Citing unassailable examples, he reveals how under our present election system huge blocks of voters are not only disfranchised, but actually have their votes counted for the opposition candidates; and he shows that by a proportional-representation system all groups might be given a voice in the government.

These are some of the reforms progressives and radicals must fight to obtain. There are other reforms necessary to the success of a new-party movement. Among them are simplification of the present cumbersome election machinery, effective reduction and control of campaign expenditures, and regulation of campaign propaganda. Today our election machinery is so complicated by red tape that in many cases it is practically impossible for citizens to register and vote. Several plans for overcoming these defects have been suggested. Permanent registration instead of periodical registration would go far toward simplifying and facilitating the task of voting; central registration instead of registration by precincts or districts would work to the same end. Registering and voting by mail, which is now legal in only a few States and cities, would enable many citizens, temporarily absent from home or otherwise prevented from getting to the polls, to share more fully in the duties and responsibilities of government.

A more important difficulty is the multiplicity of elections. So many elections are held in most parts of the country that only the most elaborate and expensive party organizations are equipped to keep the voters actively interested and to bring them out on election day, and obviously these party machines want to bring out only those voters who will support their particular candidates. Moreover, the many elections serve to confuse the average citizen as to the essential differences between the great numbers of offices, candidates, and issues, and so it becomes a relatively easy matter for the well-equipped, permanent organizations of the two dominant parties to lead him into the one or the other of their camps. It is upon such local machines that the two national parties rest. At the present time any other national party would have to build itself upon the same sort of costly and complex local organizations.

Simplification of the election system would make the maintenance of a permanent party organization less expensive and less necessary; but it is during the campaigns that most money is spent. We have seen that the corrupt-practices act has failed to keep down campaign expenditures; the party with the largest contributions has usually won, and as long as elections continue to go to the party with the largest war chest, a party of the people will always be at a disadvantage. It has been proposed in the New York State legislature and elsewhere that the government bear all the election and campaign expenses. Under this system the State would print pamphlets for all the candidates of whatever party, giving each candidate for the same office the same amount of space. No other publicity or advertising would be permitted except over the radio and perhaps from public platforms. Radio time, however, would be divided equally among the various candidates in accordance with the prominence or importance of the office being sought. We cannot say that this proposal for limiting expenditures is flawless, but we do contend that until some such scheme is adopted a party of the people would be laboring under the greatest handicaps in trying to compete with the present two dominant parties, whose owners can at any time put up tens of millions of dollars to swing an election by publicity, propaganda, or other means.

Bar for Sale

IN 1695, in the Province of New York, there were only forty-one lawyers. In that year several wealthy litigants bought up the entire bar, and as a result the assembly of the province regulated the number of lawyers that any litigant might retain and fixed the number at two. The statute declares that if any more are retained "it shall be lawful for the judges of the bench where the suit is depending to order all such attorneys as shall be retained, more than two as aforesaid, to plead for the other side without returning the fee received."

The community might have been better off if the law had read that the state should supply every client with two lawyers. But the issue which prompted this statute (we intend to find out whether or not the law was ever repealed) is of interest today because of the wholesale purchase of the bar of the city of New York in defense of those men who were behind the failure of the Bank of United States. The State of New York, for investigation of this social calamity, supplies its prosecutors with $100,000 and has as attorney in charge Max D. Steuer, who receives as compensation $1. On the other side, the bank directors, its officials, and its attorneys have purchased the services of practically all the outstanding trial lawyers in the city. John W. Davis, formerly candidate for President on the Democratic ticket;

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Joseph M. Proskauer, formerly Justice of the Appellate Division, a close adviser of former Governor Smith; former District Attorney Tuttle, who has just finished a campaign for governor of the State on the Republican ticket; Emory R. Buckner, formerly United States District Attorney; Samuel Falk, son-in-law of the Republican leader Samuel Koenig; Martin Littleton, of Sinclair-oil fame; and at least a score more have been retained at an expense that will no doubt run in excess of a million dollars. It will be the duty of this imposing list of counsel to prevent indictments and convictions being found against the directors and attorneys of the defunct Bank of United States.

If the bank had failed in September instead of in December, Mr. Tuttle in his gubernatorial campaign would have gloriously attacked the banking departments and those of the directors who are affiliated with Tammany Hall. Across Mr. Tuttle's lips now rests a large fee. These attorneys are now the advocates of a discredited banking group. To some of them New York has looked for guidance. Next time John W. Davis or even Emory Buckner discusses the problem of banking and the State we shall have to remember that they are split personalities, true to the basic fiction of the profession that a lawyer should never state his own belief in his client's case or in his client's innocence. Lawyers are merchandise sold off the shelf to the highest bidder. In this case as in others, the State's purse is restricted, the leaders of the bar are intent on getting Mr. Kresel, Mr. Marcus, and Mr. Singer freed from criminal charges, and the odds must be at least a million to a hundred thousand that the procedure will vindicate the directors and attorneys of the bank. We are altogether likely to find, when the trial is over, that the failure was entirely legal and that the unfortunate fact that the depositors are likely to get about fifty cents on the dollar is only one of the unavoidable exigencies of a harsh world.

Death of a Swan

IT was somehow surprising to learn that Pavlowa was just short of forty-six when she died on January 23. Watching her dance, one could not connect her with age at all; yet it seemed as if she had been dancing forever and would go on doing so. It is reported that she kept swans in her garden at Hampstead to watch their movements and learn from them in her famous swan dance. And no swan ever made a movement more ineffably graceful than hers, as with bent head and drooping arms she, in her imitation of the bird, sank to the floor in her imitation of its death.

Like all young Russian girls with a passion to dance, Pavlowa was trained at the school of the Imperial Russian Ballet in St. Petersburg, which she entered at the age of ten. It was a rigorous, monastic, disciplined life. The children danced all morning, ate a brief lunch, went for a brief walk in the yard, and were busy at classes—geography, arithmetic, history, music—until supper. Except for summer vacations, there were only three days off at Christmas and at Easter. Parents were allowed infrequent visits and the sweets they brought their darlings were carefully locked up and doled out to the young ladies piece by piece on Saturday night. Literally nothing was thought of except the dance, and the best ways of becoming an accomplished dancer. For this, technical perfection was necessary; and a liberal education was considered necessary in addition. Pavlowa was slender, delicate, hardly equal to the more rigorous demands on her muscles that the mode of the dance demanded. But she had her own excellences, she contained within herself her own perfections, and the ballet master was sensible enough to allow her to distinguish herself in her own way. She restored the romantic mode of dancing which had died out with the great Taglioni.

It is recorded of her that she once took part in a little revolution, when with others of her dancing mates—Fokine, the beautiful and famous Karsavina, and others—she attempted to bring the imperial ballet theater, the Marinsky Theater, into the rebellion of 1905 which resulted in the granting of the Duma by the Czar. The conspirators drew up a set of demands—autonomy, the power to choose their own committee to decide artistic questions and amount of salary—and presented them to the director, who coldly received them. The "committee" even attempted to make the other members of the ballet strike on the eve of a performance, with small success. They were first in disgrace and then graciously the recipients of the amnesty that was extended to all after the establishment of the Duma.

This, of course, was before the days of Pavlowa's triumphs, although even in her student days she was recognized as a dancer of great beauty and promise. She came to the heights of her career, as several fortunate dancers did, with Diaghilev's presentation of the Russian ballet in Paris. Such dancing, such costumes, such performances had never been seen in France. Diaghilev worked like a man possessed, with Karsavina, Nijinsky, Bakst, Ravel, Stravinsky, Debussy, as well as Pavlowa, to astonish and delight first Parisian, then London, finally American audiences. Even then, in the midst of unprecedented triumphs, when the ravished audiences crowded the stage and would hardly let the dancers escape, hard work, hours of it every day, was demanded to retain the perfection of grace and power that was necessary.

Pavlowa had kept up her skill and her power. She had announced another American tour for next year and thousands will mourn because they will not see her. It is worth asking, indeed, whether they will ever again see her like. Partly because she was herself, supreme, incredibly expert, graceful beyond compare; partly because the great days of the ballet may be gone. The old school, subsidized and heartily patronized by the Czar, will never come back, although a school of the ballet does exist now in Leningrad. But surely in Soviet Russia such unequivocal and undeviating devotion to pure art cannot be looked upon with much favor by the proponents of a proletarian dictatorship. And it is questionable whether outside of Russia there will ever exist that peculiar combination of passionate, almost pious devotion and exhilaration that resulted in technical perfection and incomparable grace. Pavlowa herself, at the close last year of a tour on the Continent, is quoted as saying that the talkies and the modern craze for mechanical entertainment were "killing the true dance, the most beautiful of all the arts." It may be that she was right, that with her death, and with the death in time of her contemporaries, the day of the dance in this particular form will be ended. If it should be so, a rare thing will have perished from the earth.

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Will the Five-Year Plan Succeed?

By LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, January 14

AT the turn of the year, after a January-to-December stay in the Soviet Union, I permit myself a look backward to recapitulate and forward to anticipate. Fortunately, decisions adopted in Moscow late in November and in December make it possible to speak of future policy with some degree of certainty.

Nineteen thirty was a year of Socialist offensive. Nineteen thirty-one will be a year of retrenchment, of shortening the line, and of less buoyant progress. Construction efforts will be concentrated on a limited number of giant industrial plants and on fewer small factories. The pace of heavy industrialization will be slackened and more attention will be paid to the immediate needs of the population. Nineteen thirty passed under the sign of foreign hostility to the Soviet Union. The last phase of that hostility, the anti-dumping campaign, is one of the chief factors which induced the change of policy. The trial of Ramzin and the rest likewise contributed toward a modification of the 1930 course by revealing the pitfalls of an excessively rapid tempo. The strain on the nation has been very great. The state will therefore stop, inhale deeply, and rest. How long this period of recuperation will last it is difficult to predict.

How will all this affect the Five-Year Plan? Will it be carried out? The question is difficult to answer because there is no fixed plan. Indeed, no sooner does an industry give indications of approaching the production totals set as its final goal than that goal is moved forward in order to stimulate further effort. This has occurred several times in single branches of economy, so that the original minimum *Piatiletka,* or Five-Year Plan, adopted in 1928 was very different and much lower than the *Piatiletka* of today. And even the present levels will probably be raised before December 31, 1932. The *Piatiletka* is as much a political slogan as a practical economic task. Hence the psychological value of "raising the ante," so to speak. Now if one asks whether the plan as first inaugurated in October, 1928, will be carried out in the quinquennial ending December, 1933, the answer must be a categorical affirmative. It is more to the point, however, to inquire into the likelihood of the complete fulfilment of the much-modified and augmented Five-Year program, not in five years but in four, in accordance with the present firm resolve of the government, the party, and the proletariat.

In 1929-30 the Soviet state industries increased their production 25 per cent, which was 5 per cent ahead of the plan. A further increase of 45 per cent as compared with the previous year is contemplated for 1931. If this is achieved, 79 per cent of the Five-Year-Plan-in-Four will have been carried out in the first three years, and in heavy industry 98 per cent. At the end of the third year of the *Piatiletka,* that is, on December 31, 1931, moreover, the coal, oil, machine-manufacturing, and electrical industries will have exceeded their five-year schedule. According to the plan, the Union was to have produced 53,000 tractors in 1932-33. These will be turned out in 1931. When we say "will" it means that in each case the factories, funds, and all other facilities are available for such production and that past records warrant present expectations. Transport is a fair index: in 1931 the Soviet railways will carry 330,000,000 tons of freight as compared to 281,000,000 tons originally fixed for the fifth year of the *Piatiletka.*

In light industry success has not been so spectacular, and unless lost ground is made up as a result of the shift of policy determined on in November and December, the textile, shoe, food, clothing, and paper industries, as well as other branches supplying the immediate consumption needs of the country, may fall behind the requirements of the plan. But two years still remain; domestic raw materials that are sources of light industry—cotton, flax, leather, lumber, vegetables, sugar—have been stimulated by collectivization and the organization of state farms; and the Bolsheviks are apparently convinced that the nation must be better taken care of than in the past. The cumulative effect of these circumstances should permit the Soviet light industries to reach their goal during the second half of the four-year *Piatiletka.* In fact, the recent plenary session of the Central Committee promised an increase of 25 per cent to 30 per cent in retail goods for 1931.

In agriculture, too, tremendous advances have been made. The 1930 grain harvest amounted to 87,400,000 tons compared to 71,700,000 tons in the previous year. Collectivization has, with the aid of pressure from the authorities, made greater headway in two years than anybody could have hoped for in five. The Communists regard this as a guaranty of a higher rural productivity—a view which their first harvest tends to confirm—and a promise of more amicable relations between the village and the city—the crux of the whole Russian situation.

In considering whether the Five-Year-Plan has been or will be a success or a failure, I do not believe that percentages are altogether conclusive. The world wants to know whether the general purpose of the plan is being achieved; whether Russia is industrializing quickly and rationally. Here no doubt is admissible. The answer is yes. Whether the high standards of the program will be met to a degree of 90 per cent or 115 per cent—both are possible—really matters little. Thus, whereas almost every capitalist nation is at best holding its own, the Soviet Union is experiencing a period of enthusiastic high-speed construction.

I should be the last to forget the shady side of the picture: the poor quality and high cost of manufactured goods, the difficulties of management—it is easier to build a factory than make it produce—the subordination of the welfare of millions of individuals to the welfare of the state, which cannot yet pay dividends, and the innumerable mistakes by officials and leaders. The truth about Russia is Janus-faced. Everyday life is hard and black. People suffer. The gratification of primary requirements absorbs a huge amount of attention. But there is another, a bright and encouraging, side: the birth of new "Socialist" cities, the erection of giant factories and farms, the thrill of a whole continent tapping

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new sources of creative energy and marching toward economic independence and a better standard of living. Which phase one chooses to dilate on frequently depends on one's temperament and principles. The hardships of today sometimes impress and depress me, but more often the light of the future blurs them out of sight, and the focus of my mind's eye shifts to the positive, the constructive, the creative. The difficulties are those concomitant with growth and youth.

One of the outstanding developments of the year was the disappearance of unemployment. For all practical purposes anybody who wants a job can get one if he has qualifications of the slightest and often even if he has no skill whatsoever. Cities, factories, and offices compete violently for workers and offer special attractions to draw them away from their present places of activity. Hence the excessive "fluidity" of labor, which the government vainly seeks to combat with an endless series of decrees.

The scarcity of labor is a direct consequence of increased industrial production and construction and of the inefficient use of labor. Yet it also reflects significant, I am tempted to say epoch-making, changes in the Soviet village. Nineteen thirty was preeminently the year of agrarian collectivization—Stalin's chief contribution to the Russian Revolution. Collectivization has probably stirred the peasantry even more than the abolition of serfdom. It absorbs all the village hands and minds. It threw the torch of civil war into the countryside and aroused first the vigorous resistance of the masses of peasants, then the venom of anti-Soviet elements abroad, and finally the opposition of strong forces within the Communist Party itself. This struggle for the collective and against the kulak is by no means ended. But it will scarcely assume the sanguinary forms of January and February, 1930, and the state will scarcely again resort to the drastic measures of coercion employed earlier in the year. The Bolsheviks have learned a lesson. Nevertheless, I see no indication that the policy of further collectivization will be abandoned or even moderated. I believe, on the contrary, that the advantages of collectivization appeal so much to the village administrator that he will be tempted to push the movement as far as possible. He thus gets rid of the obnoxious kulaks, and grain procurements, formerly a perilous adventure, become a relatively peaceful pursuit. The *Kolkhoz* creates many problems, both economic and of organization, but once under way it eliminates or at least mellows peasant hostility. Further collectivization, however, should soon compel or enable the party to return to unchecked tempos of industrialization. The next few years may indeed witness such a cycle of retarded and then accelerated speeds, together with some noticeable political zigzags and, in consequence, renewed feuds in Communist ranks.

The crusade to destroy private capital in the village by means of collectivization and in the city by super-industrialization and the direct disfranchisement and arbitrary economic suppression of traders was inaugurated early in 1930. It colored all the events of the year and still continues, though with less crudeness. The Nepmen have not recovered from the blow. They are not likely to. The peasant peddlers who come into town with milk and vegetables do not replace them economically, much less socially.

The blows rained on the urban and rural bourgeoisie, the class war, in other words, took on harsher forms in 1930 than at any time since 1921. Inevitably, important social and cultural phenomena accompanied them. If this whole new development could be summed up in a phrase it might be called the "death of liberalism." The phrase, I hasten to add, is inadequate and very general, but it may help to explain a condition which is still too recent and vague to permit of final definition.

It will be difficult to describe just what has happened. In the realm of literature, for instance—in fact, in every field of art—emphasis on the class struggle is the demand of all critics and political leaders. Quality is a secondary consideration so long as the subject is new life in the collectives. What are love and personal life when the *Piatiletka* is at stake? Vsevolod Ivanov, the author of "Armored Train," therefore goes as a reporter with Leonov to tell about cotton planting in Turkestan; Pilniak, perhaps the most talented of Soviet authors, turns out a ream of sketches about the transition from feudalism to socialism in Tadjikstan of the Pamirs; while Gladkov, who wrote "Cement," goes in for a critique of collectivization. Of course, it does the *popuchiki,* or non-Communist novelists, who nevertheless are Soviet sympathizers, a world of good to come into contact with the new society instead of with the declassed, crumbling society which is their natural element. Yet it is scarcely conducive to literary production when unfavorable descriptions of conditions are condemned as "counter-revolutionary" and when the hero of every love story is expected, so to speak, to echo Stalin and praise the party's economic program. Not only is art for art's sake taboo—it was never very popular with the Bolsheviks—but art must frankly be only for the sake of politics.

It is an expression of the same general tendency when deviations from the official policy are combated more fiercely than ever. Tolerance toward dissenters is unknown now. More and more the slogan is, "If you are not for us you are against us." A middle-of-the-road attitude is anathema. The government asks the engineering caste to enunciate its credo; neutrality will no longer be countenanced. Similarly, Radek asks Pilniak to declare himself; he must not be an outside observer. Those who sit on the fence are finding that perch extremely uncomfortable. The result is that the doubters, the indifferent, the dissidents, and the enemies are either converted by the Communists' dynamic will to succeed, or keep their mouths shut and act the hypocrite, or are driven into active hostility as was the Ramzin party.

The class-war psychosis and a frantic faith in the early triumph of the Socialist cause explain this year's increase of the Bolsheviks' traditional antipathy toward neutrality and liberalism; while added practical difficulties have increased the popularity of the old Russian weapon—ruthlessness. On the other hand, during 1930 a sort of economic democracy struck deeper root. Stalin's famous article of March 2 and the decrees which elaborated it were a recognition of the principle that economic advantages are a more effective means of real collectivization than government fiat or administrative pressure. The mobilization of popular support and the elimination of certain faults in organization have worked wonders in the execution of practical tasks, yet when coal production in the Donetz basin commenced to fall in the spring, additional goods and food for the miners proved more effective than proclamations and circulars of instructions. Man does not live by enthusiasm alone; one happy chief

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engineer is worth five mass-meetings. The Bolsheviks forget this truth far too often.

These psychological, social, and economic factors in the domestic situation are inextricably bound up with Russian foreign relations. Indeed, the fear of capitalist attack and the partial boycott of Soviet exports contributed directly to making the internal policy and atmosphere what they were in 1930. Russia's foreign relations during the year have been more or less sterile. Negotiations with Great Britain have made practically no headway; frantic red-hunters in the United States have succeeded in obstructing Soviet-American trade; the Mongolian tangle is still in a hopeless mess. France has made herself the leader of anti-Bolshevik forces everywhere; sentiment in Berlin is not so friendly as in previous years; and, practically, only Germany and Italy have granted important credits to the Bolsheviks. After many years of passivity, relieved only by Litvinov's diverting performances at Geneva, the Moscow Foreign Office has at last displayed a bit of initiative—toward Italy. A rapprochement between Fascist Italy and Bolshevik Russia is certainly no comfort to the professional foreign Communist nor does it exactly clinch the argument which identifies the Soviet Government with the Comintern, but it is good *Realpolitik,* and the Kremlin will go farther if necessary. It would be very premature, however, to speak of a division of Europe between the Versailles Powers—France, Poland, Rumania, Jugoslavia, and Czecho-Slovakia—and the anti-Versailles nations—Italy, Russia, Hungary, Turkey. No revisionist bloc is complete without Germany, and Germany, still harboring illusions of French friendship and mindful of Rome's betrayal of the Triple Alliance in 1914, cannot decide where she belongs. Much will depend on internal German developments. Moscow is prepared to meddle in dirty European politics because it must maneuver against French hegemony on the Continent and because a role in the drama enhances Russian importance and brings commercial and political benefits. But if the war which pessimists see in the offing really materializes, the Bolsheviks will not be in it. They will let capitalism dig its own grave.

After thirteen years during which every brilliant seer prophesied the fall of bolshevism in six months, the world has suddenly discovered that the Bolsheviks are strong enough to be a menace to the existence of capitalist society. While American officials still tell private meetings of bankers and industrialists that Russia is a "bad risk," the press, Congressmen, and intellectual jacks-of-all-trades show how this semi-bankrupt will soon flood the earth with its goods, undersell the powerful capitalist magnates despite its inefficient, because Communist, methods of production—and thus pave the way to world revolution. On the one hand, tales of distress, starvation, revolt, collapse; on the other hand, pictures of a new and mighty giant preparing to destroy the bourgeoisie of the planet with one huge puff. Of course, if scare headlines and fake news send up circulation in these depressed times, the lies about Russia should by all means continue. But a little realism and truth would do no harm.

The Plight of the Pueblos

By NATHAN R. MARGOLD

THE sad plight of the Pueblo Indians in New Mexico and their eleventh-hour resort to litigation to avert the imminent disaster with which they are threatened should enlist the sympathy and active cooperation of all fair-minded Americans. These Pueblo tribes, twenty in number, represent the most ancient of our Indian cultures. For several thousands of years they have been irrigation farmers, peacefully cultivating the land on whose last remnants they still subsist. Deeply religious, glorious artists in dance, song, pottery, and pure design, they have developed and maintained a unique civilization richly worth preserving for its own sake. They have always been friendly to the white race; it was they, in fact, who enabled the whites to establish themselves among the wild nomads of the Southwest. They have been repaid for that friendship with impoverishment, disease, and incalculable suffering. Forced now into a desperate legal battle to secure the means for continued existence, they have a just claim to active assistance from every enlightened American.

The various Pueblo tribes are distinct legal entities, each Pueblo holding title in communal fee simple to the land cultivated by its members. The titles were recognized and confirmed initially by grants from the Spanish Crown antedating 1700, and subsequently by Act of Congress and patents issued pursuant thereto. Like other tribal Indians in this country, they are wards of the United States government, theoretically entitled to protection and actually disabled in large measure from protecting themselves as a result of the imposition of this guardianship. As population increased in New Mexico, numerous Mexicans and pioneer Americans without the slightest right or color of title helped themselves to various portions of the Pueblo lands. The guardian government did nothing to remove the encroachers, and the helpless Indian wards struggled along as best they could on what land was left to them.

The failure of the government promptly to dispossess the encroachers led eventually to a twofold result. One was the gradual impoverishment of the Indians and the crumbling of their civilization. The other was the intrenchment of the trespassers and the constantly increasing injustice of putting them off land on which they had become established with tacit government approval. Normally, an owner cannot permit another to occupy his land for a period of years under a claim of ownership without losing his title altogether. But the general statutes of limitation, specifying the requirements for obtaining title by long-continued adverse possession, do not apply to government-owned land nor to Indian-owned land under the guardianship of the United States. This prevented the squatters on Pueblo lands from acquiring any legal right or title to the land which they occupied; but it could not and did not prevent them from coming in time to regard themselves and to be regarded as the true owners.

In 1919 Richard H. Hanna, a conscientious United

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States attorney, commenced an action to eject some of the squatters from land urgently required by the Indians for subsistence. The case was tried in 1921 and was pending decision when Secretary of the Interior Fall and Attorney General Daugherty requested the court, on behalf of the United States as guardian plaintiff, not to render a decision, stating that legislation was being prepared which would destroy the ward's right to win the suit. The proposed legislation, known as the Fall-Bursum bill, provided practically for outright confiscations of large tracts of Indian land. It passed the Senate, but was bitterly fought and finally defeated in the House. The hearings before the House Committee on Indian Affairs contain a revealing picture of the sad state to which the Pueblos had been reduced by the inexcusable failure on the part of the United States government faithfully to perform its self-assumed duties of guardianship. Extensive quotation is impossible here, but a few tell-tale excerpts from the testimony of Mr. John Collier, then research agent for the Indian Welfare Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, are here appended (Hearings before H. of R. Comm. on Ind. Affairs, 67th Cong., on H.R. 13452 and H.R. 13674, Feb. 1-15, 1923, p. 225):

> If conditions remain as they are without becoming any worse the majority of the Pueblos must perish. . . .
>
> Spokesmen for some of the non-Indian settlers appeared before the Senate committee and made statements tending to show that the Pueblo Indians were very well off. It is a question of fact which can be answered from data readily available. The case of Taos Pueblo is an example. There is appended (Exhibit A) a summary of investigations made by Dr. Richard Shevky, a scientist of repute of Leland Stanford University, California, in the fall of 1922. Doctor Shevky personally interviewed each of the 126 families representing the 548 people who are reported on. (The total population is about 635.)
>
> Doctor Shevky's conclusion was that the per capita income of Taos for 1922 was about $30, and the estimated income in a good year is about $36. . . .
>
> Taos is admittedly the most prosperous Pueblo north of Santa Fé, and of its approximately 5,000 irrigable acres it has retained about 1,500, or about 2½ acres per person. Part of these 1,500 acres, however, is water-logged and available only for the grazing commons.
>
> With regard to the Pueblos south of Taos there is attached (Exhibit B) a summary which was prepared in November, 1922, based on statistics of income from all sources in the Pueblos of San Juan, Tesuque, San Ildefonso, Nambe, and Santa Clara.
>
> A summary here appended is based on data which were collected by the government farmer for these Pueblos. These data have been checked up by Doctor Shevky, who made the original study of Taos, and he believes that the incomes stated in the report of Mr. Hubbard (the farmer) are rather in excess of the actual incomes.
>
> [The summary referred to showed the following average *annual* per capita incomes: San Juan, $31.01; Tesuque, $16.68; San Ildefonso, $13.11; Nambe, $46.02; Santa Clara, $32.50.]
>
> The committee may find it hard to believe that self-respecting human beings not the recipients of charity can live on incomes so small as are shown by these exhibits. As a matter of fact, the Pueblos are not living, but in the case of the Pueblos near Santa Fé are slowly dying on these small incomes. . . .

After a two-year struggle Congress worked out and enacted a compromise measure designed fully to protect the Indians and probably to vest many of the white settlers with legal title to their holdings as well. This was the Act of June 7, 1924. It created the Pueblo Lands Board, consisting of the Secretary of the Interior, the Attorney General, and a member to be appointed by the President of the United States. It set up a certain standard for discriminating between valid and invalid adverse claims to land originally owned by the Pueblos, and required the board to investigate and report which claims fell within the standard and which did not. It also provided, in effect, for the issuance of patents by the United States to the adverse claimants found entitled thereto, for the payment of compensation by the United States to the Pueblos for the loss of this land, and for the institution of suits by the United States as guardian for the Indians to recover all the tracts in the possession of adverse claimants found not entitled thereto by the board. In addition, the act provided that nothing contained in it should impair or destroy the right of the Pueblos before the lapse roughly of about two years after the filing of the board's report, "to assert and maintain unaffected by the provisions of this act their title and right to any land . . . in any court of competent jurisdiction."

Under the latter provision, the Pueblos could at once have gone into court and ousted every settler from their land. It was hoped, however, that they would delay action until they knew what land was returnable to them under the board's findings and what compensation was allowed for the balance, and that, finding themselves adequately provided for, they would voluntarily permit the two-year period to expire without taking any independent action at all against the settlers.

The Pueblos fully lived up to the expectations of Congress. They brought no independent suits and trusted to the board to deal fairly with them. The board made its investigations and began to file its reports. In the matter of compensation its awards have been shockingly meager. For many thousands of acres to which the Indian title was held extinguished, no compensation whatsoever was allowed. At the Pueblo of San Juan, of 3,000 acres lost to the Indians, only 1,000 have been made the subject of any award at all.

The sums so far awarded on the average have not amounted to more than one-third of the present value of the land, less improvements. In deciding between valid and invalid adverse claims, however, the board has been quite faithful to the provisions of the act. Its findings, if eventually sustained by the courts, would give back enough land to most of the Pueblos to enable them at least to continue a modest existence. In view of this, the Pueblos contented themselves with attempting to obtain judicial review and enlargement of the compensation awards and made no effort to regain possession of any land to which adverse claims were sustained by the board.

In obedience to the provisions of the act, the Attorney General, on behalf of the Pueblo of Taos, brought suit in the United States District Court in New Mexico to oust the settlers whose claims to title the board had found invalid. The District Court differed with the board and adopted a construction of the act under which most of the

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invalid claims became or could easily be made valid. The difference related to the method of satisfying the requirement for the payment of taxes by the adverse claimant during the period of his possession. Under the act the claimant was required in effect to show that he had *continuously* paid all the taxes levied on the land during the period of his occupation. The board interpreted this as a requirement of regularity and continuity in the payment of the taxes to evidence the good faith of the settler's claim of ownership and disallowed all claims where taxes were not so paid. The District Court, on the other hand, held that the payment of back taxes in a lump sum *after* the enactment of the statute, and, indeed, after the filing of the board's report, was sufficient to meet the requirements of the statute and to entitle the claimant to retain the land. On appeal the Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the District Court.

The government attorneys in charge of the case recommended that an application be made to the Supreme Court of the United States to review the case by *certiorari*. The papers were prepared, but five days before the expiration of the period allowed for such an application the Attorney General and the Solicitor General summarily directed their subordinates not to file the papers.

This was a bitter blow to the Indians, who are accustomed to defeat in the lower courts and final victory in the Supreme Court of the United States. But still they did not assert the full measure of their legal rights by means of independent suits. The Pueblo of Taos immediately pressed an independent suit previously instituted but deliberately framed so that only the tax question would be raised. The Indians being in control of this case, they intended by means of it eventually to obtain a decision from the Supreme Court on the merits of the tax question.

The Attorney General and Solicitor General, having already decided not to place this question before the Supreme Court, decided further to have all the other cases disposed of as quickly as possible and proceeded to put this decision into immediate effect. It was a foregone conclusion that every one of these cases would be lost on the tax issue and would ripen into a judgment adverse to the Indians, and that unless these judgments could be delayed, or the right to appeal therefrom saved, pending the final outcome in the Taos independent suit, the Indians would be stripped irrevocably of their land under the tax ruling of the lower courts before the Supreme Court had an opportunity to pass on the validity of that ruling. If the Supreme Court later held the ruling erroneous, its decision would affect only the comparatively insignificant amount of land directly involved in the Taos independent suit. It would be entirely ineffective with regard to the large bulk of Pueblo land awarded to white claimants under the judgments theretofore entered in the various other suits.

Here was a situation, certainly, where in fairness to the Indians all the pending suits, or appeals therefrom, should have been held in abeyance until the Taos test case had been presented to the Supreme Court. But the Solicitor General, despite urgent appeals made to him on behalf of the Indians, held fast to his original determination to reduce all pending cases to final judgment with utmost dispatch.

The government suit relating to the Pueblo of Picuris was immediately brought to trial, and of its many thousands of acres in possession of whites the Pueblo was allowed to recover only 119 acres. The significance of this will be better appreciated in the light of the following excerpt from the report of the board concerning this Pueblo (filed on October 20, 1928):

> The records—such as they are—seem to show that at the time of the Spanish conquest there were several thousand of these Picuris Indians. . . . Numbers of settlers from the Rio Grande moved into the hills and gradually occupied these valleys, since which time the Indians have rapidly decreased in numbers and have been crowded out by the non-Indian settlers until there are only about 116 Picuris Indians left altogether, and this number will dwindle to nothing in a comparatively short time unless something is done to rehabilitate them and much more attention is given them than has been the case during the last fifty years. The Pueblo village itself is a mere remnant of what it once was, and is in a sad state of demoralization. There is little or no sympathy for the Indians among the non-Indian inhabitants of the district. On account of the presence of undesirable non-Indians within or in the immediate vicinity of the Pueblo, many of the Indians are becoming demoralized, many of them are also ill and in actual need of food. On the whole, they are in a very distressing and deplorable condition. There are, however, some excellent men among the younger Indians, through whom a revival of the tribe and reconditioning of the Pueblo might with proper encouragement be brought about.

A decree returning 119 acres to a Pueblo so circumstanced, a Pueblo whose whole life, religion, and culture are all deeply rooted in the land, could serve only to seal the doom prophetically predicted in the board's report. Following Picuris, San Juan, San Ildefonso, Santa Clara, and Cochiti are each being led to judicial slaughter. The Taos independent suit even now has not been passed upon by the Circuit Court of Appeals and cannot possibly come before the Supreme Court earlier than next fall. By that time every other Pueblo can be stripped of its land through final adverse judgments in the government suits.

This, coupled with the assurance of pitifully inadequate compensation, has proved to be the benefit in exchange for which the Pueblos are asked to bargain their undoubted legal right through independent suits to sweep every white settler off their land. In such a situation only one course could be taken; and that course was initiated on December 27, 1930, when, immediately before the expiration of the period allowed therefor, an independent suit for Taos was filed. Similar suits will follow for the other Pueblos, each being instituted only just in time to prevent a loss of rights through the running of the two-year period.

Unfortunately, the Indian Defense Association has exhausted its resources in the long struggle to procure for the Pueblos the limited but essential benefits under the act. The new suits will entail an expense of from $5,000 to $10,000 for such items as typewriting, printing, court fees, and service of process on the defendants. Unable to meet this new burden, the association has asked the public for help.

To a fair-minded person familiar with the situation this question permits of but one answer; and that answer should be made in the form of a check for whatever amount can be spared, which may be sent to Fred M. Stein, Treasurer, 270 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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Our Obsolete Constitution

By HENRY HAZLITT

IT is no accident that American national politics is shallow, unreal, irresponsible, that intelligent European observers find it frankly uninteresting and its present party division pointless and meaningless. It does not seem likely that this state of affairs has much to do with our qualities as a people. The stagnation in our political life contrasts too vividly with the dynamic energy of our business life to make any such assumption plausible. Our discussion of fundamental issues is superficial and half-hearted because the machinery of government under which we live, devised more than 140 years ago, is hopelessly antiquated. That machinery, as it stands at present, is uncannily calculated to smother living issues and to make genuinely responsible government impossible.

No candid and realistic observer can fail to see that the chances of building up a new progressive party, or of bringing about a realignment of the old parties on genuine and vital issues, are extremely small—indeed, almost negligible—under our present Constitution and our present election laws. It is still impossible, despite Mr. Shaw's hopes for the future, for a human being to spring into life as a full-grown adult; and it is nearly as impossible for a new party to do so. Usually it must have a long period of infancy and growth. It was eighteen years from the emergence of the British Labor Party as such until the day it became large enough to form a government. It has been remarked of late that a new party can grow only "from the grass roots." But it is precisely growth from the grass roots that our present election and constitutional machinery is calculated to stifle.

To ameliorate this condition Senator Norris and some of his progressive colleagues have long been advocating two constitutional amendments. One would provide for the elimination of "lame-duck" Congresses and the other for the direct election of the President by popular vote. There can be no question regarding the necessity for these changes. That members of Congress can be repudiated at the polls and still continue to carry on their repudiated course for four months—which may often happen, as today, to be four crucial months—is preposterous. That the new Congress, unless an early session is called, cannot come into real existence until more than a year after its election is perhaps even worse. Our present rigid system dissipates political responsibility and makes our government essentially inefficient and unresponsive as an instrument for carrying out the public will.

Nor is there any longer the shadow of an excuse for the existence of the Electoral College. That device sometimes, as in the notorious Tilden-Hayes campaign, actually reverses the popular verdict, and always distorts it. Because Mr. Hoover's vote in the Electoral College was 444 compared with 87 for Governor Smith, the myth was immediately created that his popular indorsement was far greater than it actually was. What happened can be most plainly seen in the case of New York. New York gave Mr. Hoover 2,193,344 popular votes out of a total of 4,405,626—an actual minority. Yet, instead, say, of twenty-two of New York's electoral votes going to Mr. Hoover and twenty-one to Governor Smith, all of New York's forty-five electoral votes went to Mr. Hoover. The 2,212,282 persons who voted for Governor Smith and other candidates were not merely in effect disfranchised; their votes were actually counted for the opponent of the candidates for whom they voted. Such a distortion of results is intolerable, and anyone with the slightest belief in popular government would vote for its immediate discontinuance.

It must be said, however, that both of these changes are of relatively minor importance in their bearing on the prospects either for a new party or for obtaining any meaningful realignment of the old parties. The alteration in our electoral machinery and in our Constitution must be far more drastic. Fortunately, one change of the very first importance in its possible results can be made without even a constitutional amendment. This is the inauguration of proportional voting for members of the House of Representatives. The present division of States into geographical Congressional districts, with one member elected from each district, is unknown to the Constitution. That document simply provides that Representatives shall be apportioned among the States according to their respective populations, that the number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand, and that

> The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives shall be prescribed in each State by the legislature thereof; but the Congress may at any time by law make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.

Proportional representation is an electoral arrangement designed to make the legislative body as exact a reflection as possible of the real voting strength of the parties. The case for the system is at bottom the case for representative government itself. Every shade of minority opinion should so far as possible receive its appropriate voice and its mathematically proportional representation in the legislature. It would take little argument to show that this ideal is far from fulfilment under our present arrangement. In the present lame-duck Congress, for example, thirty-five Republican Congressmen were elected from Pennsylvania and only one Democrat, whereas representation in the same ratio as the popular vote would have given the Pennsylvania Republicans only twenty-five seats and the Democrats eleven. North Carolina sent eight Democrats to the House and only two Republicans; proportional representation would have given the Democrats six seats and the Republicans four.

The bearing of this on a third party is obvious. The Socialist Party in the last Congressional elections polled nearly 240,000 votes for all its candidates, enough, under a system of proportional representation, to secure at least four seats in Congress. It did not secure any. What happened is obvious from a glance at the result in the Sixth Congressional District in New York. The Democratic candidate, Andrew L. Somers, polled 46,211 votes; the Re-

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publican candidate, J. G. Myerson, 29,901 votes; and Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate, 21,882 votes. The Democratic candidate, though only a minority of the voters wanted him, was thus elected, and will now ostensibly represent in Congress the interests and opinions of all the voters of that district. In reality, of course, he represents neither the 30,000 Republican voters nor the 22,000 Socialist voters; these 52,000 voters, constituting a majority of the district, are virtually disfranchised. If this Congressional district had been merged with at least four other districts around it, and this larger district had been able to send five men to Congress under a proportional representation system, a vote of approximately the same ratios would have sent, say, three Democrats, one Republican, and one Socialist to Congress; and thus the voters of each party in that district would have obtained some representation.

Proportional representation is in no sense merely an academic scheme. Some form of it is already used in all important elections in Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Holland, and a number of other European countries. It has already been used for several years in municipal-council elections in Cleveland and Cincinnati, and in each city it has broken the former strangle hold of the political machine. The most satisfactory form of proportional representation seems to be the single transferable vote, otherwise known as the Hare system, which is the one used in Cleveland and Cincinnati and in the Irish Free State. This gives each voter a single vote in a district electing several members, so that each member is in effect elected by a separate group of the district's voters. It also gives each voter a chance to express his second, third, and fourth choices, and so on, so that his vote will not be wasted on a candidate who has either too many other votes to need it or two few other votes to be able to use it. This system has the particular advantage of doing away with the necessity for direct primaries.

Many may think that, aside from grounds of abstract justice, a voting system which would merely seat, say, three or four Socialists in the House under the present popular vote would not make any great practical difference in our political life. This contention overlooks the fact that, as soon as the possibility of electing Socialists appeared, the Socialist vote, or the vote of any other minority party similarly situated, would make astonishing gains, for under proportional representation small minorities would no longer feel that they were merely wasting their vote. Nothing discourages the growth of a small party more than the feeling of eligible voters that their votes are futile, even as a protest. And, by the same token, nothing does more for the life and growth of a party than to have some of its members constantly seated in legislatures, constantly making its demands articulate, constantly advertising its principles, and sometimes, by holding a possible balance of power, influencing the course of legislation.

Not only may the progressive group in Congress fight for proportional representation without having to fight for a constitutional amendment, but the political obstacles to the change may prove much smaller than they seem at first sight. Many Democrats may vote for it in order to enfranchise the Democrats in Pennsylvania and half a dozen other Northern States; many Republicans may vote for it to enfranchise the Republicans of the South. It need hardly be said that no other measure would do more to bring back real issues into our national political life by helping to break down what is still to a large extent the merely geographical division of the old major parties. Nothing would do more to encourage a larger volume of voting and public interest, and to make possible the growth of a new party.

But a far larger issue must be raised than proportional representation, important as that is. This is whether our whole constitutional system is not in need of radical revision. The result of fixed terms of office for the President and Congress and of chronological rotation in the Senate is to divorce both the legislative and executive departments from any close connection with public opinion. Our constitutional separation of executive and legislative powers, again, is ingeniously calculated to bring about constant friction, and the deadlocks are made even more frequent by the election of a new Congress every four years without the simultaneous election of a new President. It is impossible under such a system to fix real responsibility upon either the legislature or the executive. It is impossible to determine party responsibility. It is impossible to hold the President or a Representative or a Senator accountable for his acts until the end of his term; it is impossible for the voters to remove him before then. From the standpoint of a new party, so long as the single office of the Presidency carries such overwhelming powers as it does, there is no encouragement for the formation of a new party unless it may reasonably soon hope to become the majority party. The result of such a system must inevitably be, as it has been, to discourage continuous interest in politics or any serious political thinking except spasmodically at election time, and to cultivate in the public an easy-going indifference to abuses. This attitude is usually, and quite shallowly, attributed to our national temperament. The fault lies with our sacrosanct Constitution itself.

It is time that we seriously considered the radical revision of our Constitution to make our government at least as responsible, as flexible, as sensitive to public opinion as the parliamentary systems of Great Britain and the leading democracies of Europe. If the biological or economic descendants of Henry Ford, 140 years from now, were still turning out the present Ford model (with perhaps a slight change in the brakes and fenders), and argued in defense of their course that Henry Ford had been a great and wise man and must have known what he was doing when he designed the model, the contemporaries of those descendants would be justified in looking on them as pure idiots. Yet this is precisely the attitude that most Americans take toward our 1789-model Constitution today. The true heirs of Henry Ford would not really want to emulate the precise machine he designed, but his spirit of enterprise and inventiveness, and his own contempt for antiquated methods. The true heirs of the Founding Fathers will want to emulate, not their exact machinery or even their precise political philosophy, but some of their courage in founding a new form of government to meet the needs of their own time, and not least of all their sense and wisdom in abandoning their own former basic law, the original Articles of Confederation, when those had proved inadequate. "There is no greater disloyalty to the great pioneers of human progress," as even a conservative like Dean Inge reminds us, "than to refuse to budge an inch from where they stood."

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An Echo of Wheels

By ROLLIN KIRBY

ON the fifth day of November, 1895, a man named George B. Selden of Rochester, New York, finally received a patent on an internal-combustion gasoline engine and a cluster of men humped over the handle bars of their bicycles flashed by. The pedestrians looked up sharply as they passed, some in indignation at these speed demons who imperiled life and limb on the public highways, and some in frank admiration of the zanies who perspired so freely and who were so humorlessly intent on completing a century run, which consisted of covering 100 miles within twelve hours.

After this group of "scorchers" had passed came the more leisurely cyclists, those who sat more erect on their Garford saddles and whose handle bars curved upward rather than down. And still they came, the young, the old, and the middle-aged. The whole world was awheel, men, women, and children. Ramblers with their copper rims, Columbias, Victors with their spring forks, Iver Johnsons, Monarchs, Barnes White Fliers—how well we knew the different makes as they spun by with a great whirring of chains over the sprocket wheels. Once in a while an imported Humber or a Rudge or a Raleigh appeared and gave a cosmopolitan touch to the pageant.

Those were the days of the L. A. W. (League of American Wheelmen, in case the reader is either too young or too forgetful), when every town had a bicycle club; when Colonel Albert A. Pope of Hartford was a Henry Ford; when the annual race meet of the league was a sporting event of major importance at which Arthur A. Zimmerman ("Zimmy"); John S. Johnson, the flying Swede from St. Paul; Eddie (Cannonball) Bald; Mile-a-Minute Murphy; little Jimmy Michaels, the Welshman; "Major" Taylor, the Negro sprinter; and a score of others rode and were national heroes.

At the meet at the World's Fair in Chicago "Zimmy" won the last mile open for "ordinaries" and closed the epoch of the old bone-shaker. Mounted on a Star whose little wheel was in front so that a header was impossible and which was propelled by levers instead of pedals, he nosed out John S. Johnson, and with that the old high wheel was relegated to the pile of discards at the back of the bicycle repairman's shop and the ascendancy of the geared safety became complete.

On December 31, 1930, there appeared buried on the eleventh page of the New York *World* the following item:

WHEELMEN'S CLUB QUITS

NEWBURGH'S BICYCLISTS DISBAND AFTER 44 YEARS' ANTAGONISM TO AUTOS

NEWBURGH, DEC. 30.—After forty-four years' existence the Newburgh Wheelmen's Club has disbanded. It was decided today that the bicycle craze would never come back and officials of the club sorrowfully voted to disband.

John Daly is the oldest member, a charter Wheelman. Daniel Becker was the club's last president. Mgr. Henry O'Carroll has purchased the clubhouse and added it to the nearby property of the Catholic church.

As though with the touch of a mysterious but awakening wand this little item galvanized into action the recollection of a time when the world seemed fresher (but perhaps wasn't), for it was the time of my youth and I was an ardent, obsessed cyclist; when to possess an imported Humber would have seemed the sum total of earthly bliss, and when an evening spent on my stomach beside the base-burner in the living-room poring over my various catalogues transported me into a realm of infinite joy and interest. Bells, lamps, spanners, pumps—all the gadgets that went to make up the accessories—were of surpassing wonder, and I lost myself in a world of mechanical things of which I have never had any but a very imperfect understanding.

And now the old diehards of Newburgh have capitulated. There is something admirable in the stiff-necked antagonism to the automobile of these old dwellers beside the Hudson. Year after year they have kept the Newburgh Wheelmen's Club together, and year after year Henry Ford has sown the roads with a contraption built around George Selden's idea which has forced them into the ditches and taught them that they were to venture on the highways only at very great peril. Yet they went on hoping that the thing might be only a passing fancy; that when the public was tired of being whirled at forty miles an hour along the roads and the novelty of effortless locomotion had worn off, once more sanity would return and they might with safety venture off on a modest club run, as suited elderly cyclists.

Doubtless they argued a bicycle was safer, less noisy, cheaper, healthier than an automobile and that facts so self-evident must, in the long run, bring people to their senses. One can almost see a meeting at the clubhouse. In the old days there would be copies of the L. A. W. *Bulletin* and the *American Wheelman* lying about and there would be much debate as to the relative merits of a high or low gear, especially on hills, or whether the spade handles of the Victor were as restful on a long run as the ram's-horn handle bars of the Barnes. On the walls would be fading photographs of groups awheel: tight knickerbockers, turtle-necked sweaters, and small caps. The men nearly all wore mustaches and here and there were sideburns. A banner bearing the club's name hung draped over the photographs, while on the mantel were three or four tarnished trophies won by the stout legs and hearts of the Newburgh Wheelmen.

Eheu, fugaces! A few years ago I came upon a crumbling old inn in Connecticut and there, overgrown by vines on a front porch that was a drooping ruin, was an almost indecipherable tin sign which announced that this was an official hotel of the League of American Wheelmen. And on the instant the place became peopled again for me and I saw dozens of bicycles leaning against the porch railing and the great elm that spread its branches over the house. Men and women—for the girls were beginning to perk up at that period—with cheeks ruddy from exercise sat on the steps or in the big chairs and rested from their labors. There

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was no sound of jazz nor was there a dancing floor. The few who drank, drank beer.

I do not know whether it was a better world than the one I now inhabit, but I am certain it was a more leisurely one and decidedly a quieter one. It seems, as I look back on it, a healthier one, although the statisticians tell me the span of human life has been extended since then. The deaths on the highways were trifling then as compared with those of the motor age, and although life, gauged by the ingenious but inconclusive graphs the actuaries present, may have been shorter, it most assuredly was safer on the main roads.

Gaffer though I am, I should like to throw my leg—whose power of propulsion is perhaps less than it once was—again over my Humber and start in the early morning, while the dew still glistens on the leaves and the sun is just coming up over there by the waterworks, for, say, Newburgh; for although the Newburgh Wheelmen's Club has gone down with the band playing and the flags flying after a gallant fight, there is still a very good, old-fashioned tavern on a wide and very precipitous Main Street in that old riverside town.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter always swells responsively with national pride when Oklahoma is mentioned. Of late years, perhaps, that allotment of national pride has concentrated on Will Rogers, the Last American. But since the inauguration of the new governor the Drifter hopes we have with us also a Next-to-the-Last American. There was a time in Oklahoma, in the early dignity of statehood, when "no gentleman would be seen in anything but broadcloth and no governor without a diamond stud." But Oklahoma has outlived her self-conscious adolescence, and America wakes again. Would that the Driftway had bent its course round Oklahoma City for the inauguration of "Alfalfa Bill"! The news accounts bring a whiff of fresh air that makes the Drifter prick his ears and whinny with delight. "Alfalfa Bill of the clarion voice, the gaunt figure, and the bristling mustaches," weather-beaten farmers, stately chieftains of Comanches and Kiowas in ceremonial feathers, the bent old father of the governor, at ninety-one murmuring, "This is my happiest moment, next to the time, under an elm tree, when I got religion." The American pattern has come alive again in Oklahoma—alive not only in its color but also in its simplicity.

* * * * *

"RICH man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief"—Governor Murray is ready for them all. The rich man, he says, has no excuse whatever for violating the law; the poor man should have equal rights before the courts. "I don't believe much in pardons, but I do believe strongly in paroles. If prisoners do not keep the parole provisions, take them back to the prisons to stay." The present emphasis on college athletics is "the most deplorable of all our educational errors." He is for giving every boy and girl a chance at higher education "if they can stand the examination," but "when they are passed into the university, say to them, 'Do or get out.'" Which sound and simple advice brings the Drifter to the last of his buttons, "Indian chief." And here, of course, Alfalfa Bill is the real thing, or rather his wife is the real thing. For she is a daughter of the Chickasaws and he is adopted into the tribe. (The Drifter has one transient pang of envy, for he himself came within ten minutes of being adopted into the Ojibwa tribe.)

* * * * *

SUCH a state of affairs, or rather such a State of Oklahoma, should, if noised abroad, send travelers from England and the Continent scurrying for the Southwest. "Where is he?" they will pant as they rush through New York. "Is he real? Alive? Not a Rotarian or a cigar-store Indian?" The Drifter visualizes the procession, crossing ocean, mountain, plain, and three generations—reaching that domeless capital, entering the governor's office. When the Drifter was a boy, a hearty handshake was the governor's greeting and a cordial "I sut'n'y am mighty glad to see you," while the governor's wife, comfortably settled in a rocker in the gubernatorial chamber, looked up from her sewing with a friendly smile. If Oklahoma carries on this tradition of the governor's chair and the lady's rocker, the Drifter hopes for local color's sake that the governor's lady, dressed, needless to say, in the lovely costume of her tribe, may be beading bright-colored moccasins—or bags.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"The Coming of the War"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note the review of a group of books on recent diplomatic history, including Bernadotte Schmitt's "The Coming of the War, 1914," in your issue of December 31 by Professor Frederick L. Schuman of the University of Chicago. If Schmitt's actual views on war responsibility bore any considerable resemblance to those attributed to him by Professor Schuman in the latter's review, I would have little fault to find with them. Professor Schuman's statement, however, to the effect that "Schmitt comes nearer than any of his predecessors to a realization of the futility of the guilt-and-innocence dichotomy" actually raises the question as to whether he had read Schmitt's volumes at all. Professor Schmitt may be right in thinking Germany and Austria guilty, but no writer, not even Judge Bausman, has been more decisive in insisting on unique and black guilt. His volumes might well have been entitled "Let Germany Explain."

As to whether my charges against Schmitt's book are "worthy of serious consideration" or not, this will not be settled by Professor Schuman's inspired gesture of disdain or through reiteration by me. But I may offer in evidence the views of the chief authority on recent European history, who happens to be resident in Professor Schuman's own State of Illinois—Professor Joseph Ward Swain. Writing in the official journal of the history teachers of America, he said of Schmitt's book: "In the reviewer's opinion, Professor Schmitt's prejudices are so strong as to render him unable to write impartial history." In his competent and impartial review in the New York *Times* Professor Parker T. Moon observed: "Where there is conflicting testimony he [Schmitt] puts the evidence against Ger-

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many in the text and the evidence for Germany in the footnotes." What becomes of Professor Schuman's hero who "is thoroughly the historian and never the propagandist"?

New York, January 3 HARRY ELMER BARNES

Professor Schuman's Reply

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Barnes's comments raise two questions: (1) the nature of Professor Schmitt's contribution to the literature of the origins of the war; (2) the utility of dealing with 1914 in terms of "guilt" and "innocence." As to the first, allegations supported by other allegations are seldom convincing. If Professor Barnes can cite a single passage in Schmitt's volumes in which the "unique and black guilt" of the Central Powers is insisted upon or even suggested, his criticisms of Schmitt can be taken seriously. Thus far he has not done so. In his view, any study of 1914 which is not an indictment of the Entente and a whitewashing of the Triplice is hopelessly partial and prejudiced. Since Schmitt is relatively uninterested in indictments and whitewash, but moves in another universe of discourse, he is condemned forthwith.

As to the second question, it is clear that Professor Barnes still regards it as useful to take sides in the war of the pots and the kettles. I would be the last to disparage the value of his services in helping to explode the myth of a guilty nation and to show the injustice of the verdict of Versailles. This was a task for the journalist and dialectician, and Barnes, as *advocatus diaboli*, performed it with neatness and dispatch. The historian's task, as this reviewer sees it, is to present a full and well-balanced statement of the facts and to interpret these facts, not in terms of indictments and apologies for individuals or governments, but in the light of the patterns of political behavior constituting the Western state system. This goal Professor Schmitt has come nearer to achieving than any of his predecessors, despite certain faults of partisanship, as any layman can discover readily enough by reading his volumes for their content and not for brickbats with which to continue the guilt-and-innocence brawl. It is for this reason that the reviewer regards Barnes's charges as irrelevant, as well as unsubstantiated, and that he considers Schmitt's work worthy of high commendation.

Chicago, January 17 FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Where the Fault Lies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Can progressives in Congress—or in editorial sanctums—learn from experience? The hullabaloo being raised by them about the Power Commission indicates that they cannot. All that they say about the commission is true enough, no doubt, but anyone surprised or shocked by anything favorable to monopolies done by it or by any other commission with similar functions needs a guardian. What other kind of commission did they think that Hoover would possibly appoint? No one able to profit from experience will expect anything else from a commission empowered to regulate a monopoly but that sooner or later the monopoly will regulate it. Occasionally, perhaps, a President may appoint a commissioner who cannot be so regulated, but such appointments are, and in the nature of things must be, exceptional.

The original error in regard to the Power Commission was made when the present water-power act was drawn up. A provision might have been inserted that title to all power sites should remain with the government or that in any event, no matter who might hold the title, the entire rental value of all sites must be paid into the public Treasury. This would discourage holding of sites for any other purpose than use. Further encouragement to use should have been given by protecting users against predatory tax legislation by means of a provision guaranteeing exemption of all improvements. This would have made giving the public the best service at the lowest profitable cost the best policy for the site-holders. No arbitrary regulations by a commission would have been needed.

There is no record, however, that any of those progressives who are now raising the roof with denunciations advocated anything of the kind or even now realize that they should have done so.

Baltimore, January 10 SAMUEL DANZIGER

Another Complaint

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reviewing Bernadotte Schmitt's "The Coming of the War, 1914," in *The Nation* of December 31, Frederick L. Schuman writes:

> In reacting against the fantasies of the extreme revisionists, he [Professor Schmitt] perhaps leans slightly backward in an effort to be fair to the Entente. So long as the lie of Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles remains written into the public law of Europe, the usefulness of such an effort is questionable.

What is less questionable than the usefulness of any effort by a historian to be fair?

Geneva, Switzerland, January 10 C. K. STREIT

Aliens and the Courts

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Because of my admiration for and devotion to *The Nation,* I regret what seems to me the inaccuracy and inappropriateness of the closing sentence of your editorial paragraph in the issue of January 7 on the pending deportation of the Italian anti-Fascist, Guido Serio: "Thus do the federal courts of the United States aid in enforcing the political laws of Italy."

As a lawyer I have appeared for about thirty aliens against whom deportation proceedings have been brought under the alien-anarchy statutes, and I think you will conclude after further inquiry that Judge Bondy was powerless to do other than turn Serio back to the not-so-tender mercies of the Department of Labor. The law clearly vests in that department the decision as to whether Serio shall be deported and to what country. The department's decisions of questions of fact are not subject to review by the courts, which are warranted in overturning departmental orders only when it appears that the proceedings have been unfair to the alien, or that there is no evidence to support the department's findings. It is true that on many occasions permission to depart voluntarily to a country of their choice has been granted to aliens. But that permission, in all instances, has been granted by the Secretary of Labor and not by the courts.

It appears from your editorial and from other sources that Judge Bondy did his best to induce the department to act humanely and permit Serio to go to Russia. Perhaps it should be pointed out also that presumably it is as a Communist, and not as an anti-Fascist, that Serio is deportable. The Department of Labor has repeatedly held (and the courts have upheld the

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decisions) that alien Communists are deportable as members of an organization that advocates the overthrow of our government by force and violence.

If you will start a rapid-fire campaign of protest to the new Secretary of Labor, and flood his desk with letters and telegrams from citizens in all parts of the Union, you may be able to save Serio's life.

Los Angeles, Cal., January 7 JOHN BEARDSLEY

Kings and Grandmothers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: What a curious thing is a king! In today's New York *Times*, which is so careful to print only news that is fit to print, General Pershing gives a detailed account of his arrival in England and the glorious entertainment he received at Buckingham Palace. After the feast, which was probably not too dry, the good King George stood with General Pershing near a window overlooking the garden and made some observations on his first cousin, Kaiser Wilhelm, that deserve to be preserved for all time as the kind of thing a king would be worrying about while millions of his subjects were being slaughtered in the trenches. It appears that Cousin Wilhelm, the Kaiser, in return for what Cousin George, His Majesty, had been doing to the inhuman Germans, had been permitting some of his subjects to bomb good old London. And, in the words of General Pershing, the King, pointing to the beautiful statue of Queen Victoria just outside the window, suddenly exclaimed: "The Kaiser, God damn him, has even tried to destroy the statue of his own grandmother."

Sir John Pershing, who seems to be a theologian as well as a hero, says he "quickly realized that it was a solemn expression of profound indignation, and not profanity." Of course, of course! How could the titular head of the Church of England be profane? Does any patriotic American think George Washington was profane when he put over his verbal assault at the Battle of Monmouth? Perish the thought!

The more General Pershing unravels the inside of our participation in the war, the better understanding we will have of why America sent billions of dollars and millions of men to Europe to save the kings and their grandmothers' statues.

Princeton, N. J., January 16 PERCIVAL WILMOT

Bumpers and the Bumped

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of January 21 contained a letter from Bertrand Shadwell in which he proposed to change the type of bumpers on motor vehicles to make them similar in action to the cow-catcher on a locomotive.

Because of my connection with the insurance business for a number of years I have been very much interested in death and injuries to persons. Although I cannot give any definite percentages, I would like to point out to you and also to Mr. Shadwell that although hundreds of thousands of dollars have been paid in personal-injury and death claims through this office, I know of only two cases in which the injuries were caused by the bumper on an automobile. Our files will disclose innumerable cases of people being injured and killed by the cowl, lamps, door handles, and hinges of automobiles, which would seem to indicate that what is really needed is something to prevent people from running and walking into the sides of passing cars.

Hyannis, Mass., January 23 ROBERT M. KELLEY

Ideals and Meals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The question of incentive is again presented in the letter of Mr. J. C. Menzel in your issue of January 21, captioned euphoniously Better Ideals than Regular Meals. He indicates that an emergency minimum-wage insurance would damage the incentive to earn a full wage, i. e., that a brakeman would never want to be a conductor or the president of the road. It seems, on the contrary, that the instinct to activity is amazingly strong and can only be injured by enforced idleness.

Great fortunes are not made by earning and saving. Stories say that they start that way, but to leave the argument at this point is to indicate but not acknowledge the further incentive, after the start is secured, to exploit on the grand scale under political protection. The writer mentions the extremes "rich" and "poor," apparently unconscious that a medium may be desirable and extremes due to evils.

It appears more reasonable to suppose that if possible extremities due to our still defective industrial economy were covered to some fair extent by wage insurance, real efforts to solve the employment question would result as an alternative to paying insurance losses. Also, the earners would be encouraged to save capital by instalment buying of lands, bonds, and stocks, and increasingly become dividend recipients themselves. Insurance is a stabilizing factor and is not feared except, apparently, when put forward primarily as a slight measure of safety to wage-earners by insuring their purchasing power.

Detroit, January 23 CHARLES H. BENNETT

VISITS · TO SOVIET · RUSSIA

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Books, Drama, Films

The Grindstone

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Here by the grapevine is the altar stone.
Here was the place where mysteries were known
And men learned how to make their sons in sweat.
Here was a place where women never met.
Out of this wheel the splendid words of God
Ran like sparks and cried themselves abroad.
At this table men bowed down to pray
When they ground their scythes to mow the hay.
Old powers dim and mighty as a seed
Came upon them as they bent and kneed
The earth beside this whirling wheel of prayer
And gave these men tremendous wings to wear.

Debate

WHY do people go to debates? Is it for the same reason that they read a serious analysis of a serious question, to receive intellectual light, or is it for the same reason that they go to prize fights, to see two people pummel each other, more happy when either of them lands a terrific blow than when either makes a successful parry? Are they thirsty for knowledge or thirsty for blood? I suppose the answer is the banal one that motives are mixed. But certainly if such people come for illumination they must feel pretty consistently cheated. I confess that I am myself only an occasional debate attender, but all in all I must have heard a rather considerable number, yet except in a single instance (Mr. Bertrand Russell's argument in favor of democracy against Mr. Will Durant) I cannot recall a debate on any subject in which either of the speakers advanced considerations for his side that seemed to me in any way fresh or original. The spirit of debate is hostile, not only to originality, but to nearly all subtleties, to nearly all nice distinctions, to profundity, and above all to common candor.

These reflections are prompted by the recent debate which I attended between Mr. Gilbert Chesterton and Mr. Clarence Darrow, on "Will the World Return to Religion?" In the ballot that followed, the audience voted more than two to one for the defender of the faith, Mr. Chesterton of course, and if that vote was on the relative merits of the two debaters, and not on the question itself, it was surely a very just one. Mr. Chesterton's argument was like Mr. Chesterton, amiable, courteous, jolly; it was always clever, it was full of nice turns of expression, and altogether a very adroit exhibition by one of the world's ablest intellectual fencing masters and one of its most charming gentlemen. Mr. Darrow's personality, by contrast, seemed rather colorless, and certainly very dour. His attitude seemed almost surly; he slurred his words; the rise and fall of his voice was sometimes heavily melodramatic, and his argument was conducted on an amazingly low intellectual level. Ostensibly the defender of science against Mr. Chesterton, he obviously knew much less science than Mr. Chesterton did; when he essayed to answer his opponent on the views of Eddington and Jeans, it was patent that he had not the remotest conception of what the new physics was all about. His victory over Mr. Bryan at Dayton had been too cheap and easy; he remembered it not wisely but too well. His arguments are still the arguments of village atheists of the Ingersoll period; at Mecca Temple he still seemed to be trying to shock and convince yokels. Mr. Chesterton's deportment was irreproachable, but I am sure that he was secretly unhappy. He had been on the platform many times against George Bernard Shaw. This opponent could not extend his powers. He was not getting his exercise.

But I began by talking, it will be recalled, of the absence of common candor from debate. Both speakers, in the present instance, were notably lacking in that quality. Mr. Darrow actually attempted to dismiss Mendel's work on heredity as negligible or accidental when Mr. Chesterton reminded him that Mendel had been a monk; and Mr. Chesterton could profess to believe that the church, from the days of the monasteries—the church that burned Bruno at the stake and compelled Galileo to recant his views on astronomy—had consistently guarded and encouraged not merely all literary learning, but all scientific research. I need hardly add that Mr. Chesterton's whole method of argument, illustrated not merely in the recent debate but in most of his essays, is lacking in a certain fundamental candor. I am not now referring merely to his minor tactics, to his verbal acrobatics or his famous paradoxes, but to the larger strategy of his whole campaign. He almost never defends concrete myths or dogmas; he merely attacks the (usually unrelated) beliefs of agnostics or rationalists. Thus if someone doubts the story of the virgin birth, Mr. Chesterton will reply that scientists have recently been radically changing their theories of the atom, and possibly know very little about the matter. I should not think sincere Catholics would be particularly enthusiastic about that kind of argument. Controversy is often good fun and often unavoidable, but serene and original thinkers have always known in their hearts that one cannot have the spirit of controversy and the spirit of truth at the same time. The great defect of Mr. Chesterton's mind, though perhaps it is trite to say so at this late day, is not merely that he has become the victim of his own verbal virtuosity, but that he has lived too habitually on the debating platform. He has ended by becoming interested in what can be said, not in what might be true.

HENRY HAZLITT

The Meaning of "Ulysses"

James Joyce's Ulysses. By Stuart Gilbert. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

THE clearest indication that we have not yet produced a critic who can cope with "Ulysses" is that we are still waiting for Mr. Joyce to tell us what it means. When our true spokesman arrives, our world-seeing interpreter, we shall listen to *him,* not to Mr. Joyce. Mr. Joyce could not possibly know what "Ulysses" means (in spite of a consciousness of intention throughout the work which multiplies the effect of

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its novelty, erudition, and scope. But this consciousness simply signifies that Mr. Joyce is the master of his staggering material and his self-wrought medium, that he has conceived his message as firmly as he has executed it. Neither firmness of conception nor mastery should beguile us into thinking that he knows what his message consists of. We may depend on it, great artist though he is—without peer in this century—he more than anyone else is waiting for this instruction).

The present "study," by an English member of that group of writers who, we are told, have attached themselves to Mr. Joyce's Paris headquarters, can only be regarded as a semi-official lifeline—since it was written with Mr. Joyce's "assistance"—thrown out to those who are still floundering in the wake of the great liner which passed by a decade ago. Of itself this book by Mr. Gilbert has no value, but it can be recommended as practically indispensable to anyone who wishes the best possible understanding of "Ulysses." Everybody will perceive that Mr. Gilbert himself has nothing of moment to say, yet what he has said here, owing to his association with Mr. Joyce and his peculiar zeal as a fisher of symbols, trapper of cross-references, occultist, philologist, handyman, will be sure to prove valuable to that critic who is going to arrive finally and pass judgment on "Ulysses." We could do without most of what in the past has been written about "Ulysses"; this, though it is intrinsically worthless, for the time being we need.

Part I of Mr. Gilbert's book, while attempting to be a general introduction to the subject, deals principally—and most interestingly—with the ancient and esoteric learning that Mr. Joyce has drawn upon for "Ulysses." There can be few readers of "Ulysses" who will not have many passages cleared up for them by this information. But the bulk of Mr. Gilbert's book consists of Part II, which is devoted to a methodical retelling and analysis of each of the eighteen chapters of "Ulysses." Here, so far as the censorship will permit, Mr. Gilbert takes up every thread of the enormous pattern and relates it to its narrative and its symbolical significance. If we have not read "Ulysses" for some time this analysis often takes us by surprise. If we read carefully a chapter of the original, however, and then read Mr. Gilbert's analysis of it, we find little that we had not already observed for ourselves—except, perhaps, in the matter of Homeric recalls, or "symbols," "organs," "arts," and "colors." In other words, Mr. Gilbert's book makes better readers of those of us who have been lazy. It also provides us with a few of Mr. Joyce's working notes.

But Mr. Gilbert's chief service is performed through his errors. For it is while we are reading his book, which puts an almost priestly emphasis upon the esoteric aspects of "Ulysses," that we realize that these are not an end in themselves but simply a means. Mr. Gilbert belongs personally to an unusual category; he is fascinated by the recondite, the occult. It is not too much to say that he seems to believe that if you shut your eyes and gulp down a saying of the Buddha, meanwhile recalling that a certain line by Blake was anticipated by Thomas Traherne, you are certain to become wise. It is his ridiculous exaggeration of the esoteric doctrine employed in "Ulysses," therefore, which forces us to the realization that if Mr. Joyce has elaborated "Bloomsday" with so much learning, it was not to give *meaning* to it, as Mr. Gilbert would insist, but simply to round it out. Learning, in other words, could never be more than at the service of so profound a man as Mr. Joyce. The value of this realization, simple though it is, becomes apparent when we consider the much-discussed Homeric recalls. For we appreciate next that while these are an organic part of the comic plan of "Ulysses," their significance nevertheless is a minor one and they likewise serve only to round the story out. (It is possible that they also served another purpose in the private game played between Mr. Joyce, while he was writing the book, and his material. It is possible that the characters in "Ulysses" were for the most part given Mr. Joyce by his memory but some of the incidents had to be invented, that he made use of the Odyssey to stimulate him toward the production of the latter. It is possible that the "arts," "symbols," "colors," "organs" which so delight Mr. Gilbert were used by Mr. Joyce also not so much for their meaning as for the spark they set to his imagination.)

But what is the difference between "meaning" and "rounding out"? If the Homeric recalls, for example, merely round out the story, what is that part of "Ulysses" which has meaning? The answer, for anyone who has ever followed with clear eyes the line-by-line, exact revelation of that "allincluding" day in 1904, will be too elementary. The meaning of "Ulysses" is on the surface. It is to be found in that part which is simplest to see, once we have got the hang of Mr. Joyce's method, if we will only be simple ourselves. We can be certain that our world-seeing critic, when he arrives, will select the "simple" rather than the esoteric side of "Ulysses" for most of his attention. And he will find enough there to engage a lifetime.

GERALD SYKES

Primitive Childhood

Growing Up in New Guinea. By Margaret Mead. William Morrow and Company. $3.50.

WITH this book Miss Mead continues the investigation which she began with her study of the adolescent girl in Samoa. The problem which she has set herself, both in her earlier research and the one on which she reports in the present volume, has to do with the manner in which a culture becomes instilled in the persons who are born into it, and how it acts on them. How do the members of a primitive group assimilate their culture? Can universals be discerned in the process which may be said to apply to all cultures? Finally, and for Miss Mead, most importantly, the question that interests so many persons in our own civilization is set: What is the significance of the answers to these questions for our own practical everyday problems of assimilating to our own culture the raw human material born into our civilization?

The people who furnish the data for this study are the Manus tribe of the Admiralty Islands, north of New Guinea. Comparatively untouched by the civilization of Western Europe, the traditions of these folk resemble those of our pecuniary culture in a curious, distorted fashion. Among the Manus wealth is the end of life, and he who has wealth has the means of gaining the only kind of social position that carries any significance to his fellows. This regard for wealth, almost religious in its intensity, is carried so far that in the presence of great possessions the voice is lowered, and people walk and behave with the circumspectness that is associated among all peoples with contact with the most sacred and worth-while things of life. The greatest business exchanges are made in connection with marriage, a peculiarly cruel institution according to Miss Mead's account, since the form in which it is cast makes it well-nigh impossible for the mated pair to hold for each other any feeling but distrust and dislike, and since it burdens the family of the man in particular with heavy debts that make first claim on his efforts.

Into this pattern of the worship of wealth, of fearsome traffic with the ghosts of the dead, and of the difficulties engendered by stringent family duties, the child is born. Except that he must respect property, he is in his younger years ruler of the household. His whims are deferred to, his time is his own, he pays no respect to anyone, nor are any duties exacted of him. With adolescence all changes, and, particularly if the child is a boy, this change comes not graciously, nor by careful

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steps, but with all the chilling experience of being plunged into the most distasteful experience of his civilization. In a few short months he becomes a grown man, with all the cares of adulthood placed roughly upon his shoulders. In the case of a girl, the process is somewhat more gradual, but only slightly less abrupt than in that of the boys. Miss Mead draws a skilful picture, and packs into her account a great deal of material to show how the process works.

After the presentation of the material collected among the Manus, the lessons for our own civilization to be drawn from it are discussed. Whether this part is as valid as Miss Mead's ethnographic contribution is not for me to say, for whether one likes one's science to stay within the confines of its own boundaries or to be applied to problems of the day is a matter of personal preference. Certainly Miss Mead has ample precedent for her ventures into what is being called "applied anthropology," and the morals she draws from her contact with the educational methods of two primitive cultures should be of value to those who are interested in the methods which we employ to introduce our children to our own whirring culture. But whether the emphasis is placed upon the ethnographic aspect of her book or on the lessons that are drawn for us from the data on which it is based, Miss Mead has produced a challenging work, and the reading of it should be stimulating to all whose interests are not bounded by the horizons of our own civilization.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

The Upton Sinclair Enigma

Roman Holiday. By Upton Sinclair. Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

"ROMAN HOLIDAY" is an arresting novel because its author is Upton Sinclair. If it were written, exactly as it is, by anyone else, I doubt whether it would receive any marked attention at all—which is simply to say that Upton Sinclair is far more arresting as a man than he is as a novelist.

Anything that Upton Sinclair writes, therefore, is bound to make us pause, if only because we know that it is the product of a mind sensitive to injustice, sincere beyond cavil, and burning with an eagerness to turn its art into a form of social inspiration. No one who respects personality, and admires *character* in a world which values only reputation, can fail to esteem such a man or fail to concern himself with his work. The very fact that his novels have sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies in many European countries, and by the millions in Soviet Russia, is a most convincing testimony of the international extent of this esteem among the masses. And despite the fact that his fiction has been praised by such intelligent literary critics as Georg Brandes, Johan Bojer, and Floyd Dell, I am sure that it is among the masses rather than among the literati that his work has been best appreciated. Does this mean that the literati are opposed to the work of Sinclair on the basis of class prejudice; that their minds are so distorted by the ideology of the bourgeoisie that they cannot appreciate the nature of his art? I should be one of the last to deny that such elements enter into the problem. At the same time, however, I am convinced that they are not the main part of the problem here. Did not these same literati praise Mike Gold's "Jews Without Money" and John Dos Passos's "42nd Parallel"? If it be argued that "Jews Without Money" and "The 42nd Parallel" are not radical books, which many radicals would argue and have argued, it need only be added that they are in every way as *left* in import as "Roman Holiday."

What then is at work in this problem—this Upton Sinclair enigma? It is not "Roman Holiday" which created it; "Roman Holiday" only raises it anew, as does almost every novel of Sinclair's. "Roman Holiday" is not, as the blurb on the book states, "a spectacular love story"—there is nothing spectacular about its love scenes except the intrusion of the automobile race, which after all adds but little intensity to the love element in the story—but it is, as the blurb states, "an indictment of our present civilization." As an indictment of our civilization "Roman Holiday" says many true things, many important things. In fact, I agree so completely with every aspect of its indictment that my main regret is that "Roman Holiday" is not a better novel, for then its indictment would have been all the more telling and significant. I have no disagreement with it, in other words, on the basis of its propaganda, and I am sure that those critics who trace the weaknesses of the novel to its propagandistic purpose are pursuing the wrong approach. If it were a more successful novel, as a novel, its propagandistic purpose would have been better served. The disagreement, on the other hand, is with its form, its organization, its execution.

Now what is wrong with the organization and execution of "Roman Holiday"? Just this: they fail to communicate the emotive force and intensity which are necessary to a successful novel. There is no quarrel with the conception of the novel. The conception is exceedingly ingenious. The idea of having Luke Faber, the wealthy son of an established American family, member of the American Legion, a Babbitt out-Babbitted, experience by means of a psychic trauma a plunge-back into Roman life, whereby his Roman existence, in keeping with the rhythm of the Rome of that day, is seen to be but a definite duplication of his existence in America today—the idea is indubitably unusual and clever. It is the execution of it that is not. I do not question the existence of Luke Fabers in American—or Roman—life, or of Virginia Tullys, Hortense Manleys, or any of the other characters in the novel. The love life of Luke runs true enough to type; the struggle between his affection for his mistress and his family obligation to find a wife of social station, colored for a moment as it is by his sudden infatuation for Marcia Penny—all this is in keeping with the characters, as many of us have come to know them in life as well as in this book. Certainly the attacks upon the radicals and the attempt to drive them out of town, ending up in the murder of the radical leader, Jerry Fields, we can recognize as all too real. Even the Roman scenes are faithful enough to fact. There is nothing in "Roman Holiday" that is incredible, then, nothing that we need to scoff at as being inaccurate, untrue, or even exaggerated, and I should disagree here most emphatically with those critics who would say that such capitalists as Luke Faber do not exist, that such scenes as are depicted in the novel are unreal, and that the whole conception of the novel is a vast exaggeration—or caricature. It is just those things that it is not.

But if the characters are real and the situations are true to life, then wherein is the novel weak? The weakness, in my opinion, is entirely one of method. The difficulty with Sinclair's characters and situations is not in recognizing them, but in *feeling* them. His characters are rational—or cerebral if you will—rather than emotive creations. One can see them—but not experience them. This is partly due to the fact that, in the main, they are types instead of individuals, types that you know, that you knew before you read "Roman Holiday," and which you do not know any better after having read it. The reason that you do not come to know these types any better in "Roman Holiday" is because Sinclair conveys their ideas to us but not their emotions, or perhaps it would be better to say that he is successful in conveying their ideas but unsuccessful in conveying their emotions. (And this is true despite the fact that he adventures rather interestingly in parts of the novel into certain deductions from psychoanalysis.) Literature, like all the arts, is primarily emotive in essence, and it is most suc-

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cessful in dealing with ideas, and "gets across" its propaganda most effectively, when it is *emotionalized* instead of cerebralized. Sinclair tends to portray his characters in terms of straight lines instead of in terms of all those zigzags of personality, those intricate and irrational contradictions of self, which create individuality in life as well as in fiction. Those penetrating glimpses of personality, those nuances of reaction, inner as well as outer, those intimate "slow-motion" shots of self which are necessary to make one feel, and be moved by, characters in fiction are absent from Sinclair's novel, and it is that absence which prevents "Roman Holiday," with all of its ingenuity of conception, from being a success as a novel.

"Roman Holiday" is a better novel, however, than "Mountain City," far better, and I only wish it were possible for Sinclair to get back to something of the stride that he struck in "The Jungle," which still remains the best of his novels. Then his indictment of present-day civilization would be a far greater challenge.

V. F. CALVERTON

The English Romantics

Leigh Hunt and His Circle. By Edmund Blunden. Harper and Brothers. $4.

The Friend of Shelley. By H. J. Massingham. D. Appleton and Company. $3.50.

THE English romantic movement seemed destined for a bad end. Byron and Wordsworth were exceptions to the rule, for Byron had the satisfaction of dying, still in the thick of the fight, at Missolonghi, and Wordsworth declined slowly and peacefully, his conviction of personal grandeur intact, surrounded by his beloved lake country. William Godwin, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Trelawny ran true to form. Even though Keats and Shelley died young, they had lived long enough to enter a period of violent disillusionment, encircled by petty quarrels and the tragic mismanagement of practical everyday life.

To speak of Leigh Hunt's failure as a man and as a poet in terms of high tragedy would be presenting his case in false colors. In his defense of his hero Edmund Blunden does not make the mistake of enlarging upon Hunt's talents or protesting too loudly against whatever injustice may have fallen upon Hunt's posthumous reputation. After all, Leigh Hunt was scarcely more than a literary man about town in the London of a hundred years ago. For the purposes of a literary career his family connections were excellent. His father, Isaac Hunt, an ex-American, a Tory, found London far more hospitable than his native city, Philadelphia. Related by marriage to Benjamin West, the portrait painter, Isaac secured the protection of London fashionable society for himself and his family. With the background of a few years spent at Christ's Hospital, then a veritable incubator for young men of literary ambitions, Leigh Hunt joined his brother John in the business of editing a popular liberal weekly, the *Examiner*. At the age of twenty-nine he had already published two books of poems, had made a considerable success as a dramatic critic, married, and by a brilliant attack upon the Prince Regent found himself in Surrey Gaol. He was a very famous young man indeed, and with a characteristic and charming lack of deliberation made Surrey Gaol an attractive home for himself and family. It became the fashion for literary London to visit Leigh Hunt in his new quarters; everyone of any importance, including Lord Byron and Thomas Moore, made a point of dropping in for an hour's conversation with the witty young devil's disciple and champion of liberty. It was a grand show. No one could afford to miss the spectacle of the brothers editing the fiery *Examiner* behind prison walls.

With this episode behind him, it is no wonder that Leigh Hunt attracted such personalities as William Hazlitt, John Keats, and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Although his talents for the writing of poetry, criticism, and political pamphlets never extended far beyond literary journalism, he was a symbol of revolt for the young men of his generation. His very weaknesses, a lack of control over domestic finances and excessive amiability, made him, for the moment, a personality of inimitable charm.

The rest of the story is anti-climactic. Leigh Hunt had an unfortunate habit of living beyond his means, and it is evident that Mrs. Hunt was a social as well as a domestic blunder. She was hopelessly inadequate to the management of a large family. The poor woman was kept busy at the task of bringing young Hunts into the world. No wonder she became a whining, gossiping invalid, borrowing money and articles of household furniture from the wives of her husband's friends. The union of the Hunts and the Shelleys in Italy was inevitably disastrous. It was an amalgamation of disorder on a large scale. Leigh Hunt's lack of money and Shelley's sudden death threw the burden of frenzied domesticity upon Lord Byron, who lived hard by with an Italian mistress. The fact that Byron did not go raving mad is a high tribute to the strength of his intelligence. Nor did the presence of Edward John Trelawny help matters. The super-romantic Trelawny, all fire and no brains, despite his good looks and fantastic costumes, must have been, to say the least, annoying. Byron coolly insulted both Hunt and Trelawny. Immediately following Byron's death Hunt and Trelawny wrote books describing Byron as the prince of darkness, the original devil himself. The quarrel with Byron was Trelawny's road to fame and the beginning of Leigh Hunt's descent into a period of chronic hard times. Hunt returned to England, and though he lived until 1859, welcoming the various talents of Alfred Tennyson, Thomas Carlyle, Charles Dickens, Robert Browning, and William Allingham, he never caught up with the rapid accumulation of his debts and domestic worries. Edmund Blunden has written the story of his life with admirable honesty and literary distinction. His portrait is clear, sympathetic, and just. Mr. Blunden must have had enough material at hand to fill a half-dozen volumes the size of the present biography. By exercise of exact literary judgment he has eliminated all superfluous detail and yet his story of Leigh Hunt may be taken as a fully rounded survey of English literary history during the first fifty years of the nineteenth century. Mr. Massingham's life of Trelawny is definitely limited in its appeal. It makes clear the relationship of Trelawny to the Byron-Shelley circle, but at best the book is scarcely more than a footnote to a remarkable period in English literary history.

HORACE GREGORY

Books in Brief

England's Greatest Statesman: A Life of William Pitt, 1759-1806. By E. Keble Chatterton. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $4.

It is often said that there is no satisfactory biography of the younger Pitt; but he was a man almost without a private life, and his political career has been adequately described by Macaulay, Stanhope, Rosebery, Whibley, and Holland Rose. Mr. Chatterton's biography will not supersede any of its predecessors. It is more thorough, but less readable, than the recent work on the same subject by Mr. P. W. Wilson. Mr. Chatterton is painstaking and accurate, and covers the ground well; but he uses no new authorities and suggests no new interpretations. His style is long-winded and prosaic; his efforts to

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brighten it by using colloquial phrases, making platitudinous generalizations, and suggesting trite comparisons with recent history are not successful. This book is little more than a narrative of events, and its hero never comes alive. By principle Pitt was a reformer and an enemy of royal influence; yet he consented to accept office as the king's instrument and the enemy of the reforming party; by this means he held the premiership longer than any other Englishman before or since, but he delayed reform for fifty years. Pitt's craving for power offers an interesting psychological problem; to Mr. Chatterton, however, he is merely "England's Greatest Statesman."

Charlemagne, First of the Moderns. By Charles Edward Russell. Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.

Mr. Russell's book is an excellent example of the kind of popular biography which combines exceptional knowledge of the subject with a lively style, and singles out for emphasis what is dramatic or entertaining without doing injustice to what is sober or matter of fact. Students will be interested to know that Mr. Russell does not repeat the time-honored views of Charlemagne for which the Monk of Saint Gall and the ubiquitous Einhard were mainly responsible, but relies instead upon modern studies, among which those of Professor Halphen, of the University of Bordeaux, are notable. Whether Charlemagne is properly to be hailed as the first of the moderns depends, of course, upon what one means by the phrase, but he at least looked ahead as well as about him, and his innovations in political administration, his curious interest in learning, and his efforts to make both kingly and imperial rule something more than a name make him a figure with which no other in the Middle Ages can well be compared. It is to Mr. Russell's credit that his admiration for his hero does not blind him to failings or inconsistencies, nor beguile him into ascribing to Charlemagne virtues which the latter did not possess. Among the best of the passages are those which deal with the career of the Empress Irene, the work of Alcuin, the provisions of the capitularies, and Charlemagne's relations with the popes. The twenty illustrations are well chosen.

The Great Crusade and After, 1914-1928. By Preston William Slosson. With an Editorial Foreword by Arthur M. Schlesinger and Dixon Ryan Fox. The Macmillan Company. $5.

Professor Slosson's conception of history does not appear to be a very profound one, and a number of subjects which have bulked large in political or economic interest during the fourteen years covered by his book, such as armament reduction, the war debts, and the tariff, are passed over with relatively small notice in his pages. He has, however, brought together a very large amount of information regarding a wide range of topics, and the reader who wants well-ordered and up-to-date surveys of American industrial and business achievements, the changing aspects of city and country life, education, journalism, sport, and the status of women will find the book readable, instructive, and entertaining. Particularly well done are the opening chapters in which Professor Slosson deals with the effect of the World War upon American opinion, the devastating sweep of war propaganda, the mobilization of industry and patriotic fervor, and economic and social readjustments after the peace. The chapter on prohibition, on the other hand, while packed with incidents and data, leaves the impression that the author is not much moved by the situation one way or the other, and the treatment of literature, drama, music, and the like is hardly more than a recital of names and titles interspersed with brief, obvious comments. An informative chapter on the progress of science during the period is the work of the late Edwin E. Slosson. The choice of illustrations shows commendable skill.

Toes Up: A Chronicle of Gay and Doleful Adventures of Alpini and Mules and Wine. By Paolo Monelli. Translated by Orlo Williams. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

Down the Red Lane. By Henri Nadel. With a Preface by Romain Rolland. Translated by Blair Taylor. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Of these two war books the first is described on the jacket as "the great Italian war book" and the second as "the great French book of the war." Such blurbs do ill service to two valuable volumes. While neither may properly be described as "great," the Italian book is a vivid, worked-over war diary of the Alpine front, written in fascinating style, a book which may very well be, in its original tongue, a piece of distinguished literature, and which varies in mood from the rollicking or the genuinely sentimental to the terrible. The French book, also based on a diary, is notable for its seriousness. Individual readers may be weary of war books. But there can hardly be too many of this order, serious volumes which, whether of an outstanding literary quality like "Toes Up" or of a desperate sincerity like "Down the Red Lane," come straight out of individual experience. These two deserve a place among the growing body of war literature worthy of permanence.

Drama

Child's Plays

I SEEM to have suffered last week from an attack of something like senility. I do not say maturity, for that would be flattering myself, and anyway I am not sure what the word means. I am a little surer, perhaps, about the meaning of the word immaturity. So I shall say that I went to two plays with the expectation of being fully entertained and found them immature.

Booth Tarkington's "Colonel Satan" (Fulton Theater), which by the time this appears in print will have gone off the boards, was childish in one of the better senses of the term. One didn't at all resent the quality; one simply noted it and sat half-occupied through three long and superficial acts. If there were any youthful readers of historical romance in the audience, or if there were spectators of greater age who could remember "Monsieur Beaucaire" and could forget everything that has happened in the theater since, they—and only they—had a perfect right to be interested. "Colonel Satan" was singularly and completely lacking in the power to hold anybody else—anybody, for instance, who cannot wholly like a play which cannot at least occasionally surprise him. There were no surprises in "Colonel Satan." This could please the youthful reader of costume novels, because such a reader is pedantic and comes with definite expectations; and it could please an old follower of Mr. Tarkington, because it was exactly what Mr. Tarkington used to provide. For others the glitter of the intrigue was all too obvious, the bravery of the speeches all too neat. The limits of the characterization were apparent from the first, and the situations were so predictable that the author's labor in working them out became painfully apparent. Not that the hero, Aaron Burr, whom we saw here on a night in Paris in 1811, was anything less than excellent subject matter for a dramatist; and not that McKay Morris, who played the part, failed to be brilliant. Indeed, his performance was too energetically and consistently brilliant. But that, I fancy, was Mr. Tarkington's fault. The play was written too much in a single key—the expected key.

The revival of Schnitzler's "Anatol" with Joseph Schild-

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kraut in the title part (Lyceum Theater), for which Jo Mielziner designed such extraordinarily beautiful sets, was childish in a much less inoffensive fashion. The child who would find it fascinating is the least attractive to me of all known children. He is the well-dressed sophomore who reads only the cleverest literature and is perfected in all the most nonchalant poses. As a matter of fact, it occurs to me as I write that I know some sophomores, and that they are not like this. I do not think they would care very much for "Anatol." Twenty years ago the situation may have been different however, and I suppose I had the mythical undergraduate in mind when first I spoke. Since the audience around me looked fairly grown up, and since it was enthusiastic from start to finish, I deduce that it was composed of persons who had not ceased to be sophomores and who therefore could mistake the sentimentality of this piece for sophistication.

It is Schnitzler's first play, and it is immeasurably old. Nothing ages so quickly as plays which take love lightly, as this one does—with the apparent difference, however, that it mingles melancholy with its wit. The mixture, which for all that might be something capable of enduring forever, is in this case so much a concoction of its time that the flavor has quite escaped the bottle. The imp has flown, and even the syrup which remains has lost its sweetness. A revival of "Anatol," I think, should have gone in for sweetness wholly, on the theory that such cynicism as used to be there is irrecoverable. At least we could have felt some tenderness for this antediluvian Vienna, been stirred by certain affectionate memories. Mr. Schildkraut, instead of restoring the sugar, made for me the great mistake of pouring the liquid out with condescending gestures. He vulgarized a play which already was vulgar enough—seeming to say, "Well, we'll put some kind of sparkle into this stale ale anyhow." Revivals should be undertaken with more humility than that, and with a better sense of humor. Walter Connolly as Max and Patricia Collinge as Gabrielle both had a saving sense of how to act their parts; Miriam Hopkins as Mimi and Ruthelma Stevens as Lona scarcely did. They were lively, of course, as the lines demanded. But they were too lively. They broke the bottle, which had been blown of the thinnest—though not the most expensive—glass. MARK VAN DOREN

Films

Shaw's First Movie

THE inevitable has happened. For years George Bernard Shaw turned a deaf ear to all proposals to put his plays on the screen. He has at last relented, and one of his early plays, "How He Lied to Her Husband," has been made into a talkie by an English company. There was doubtless great wisdom in Shaw's refusal to submit to the ministrations of the Hollywood experts. For one thing, he spared us the disappointment of seeing his showman's display of a nimble and effervescent mind brought down to the level of the infantile understanding. He also spared us the painful experience of sitting through some of the worst films that could possibly be made. For as silent pictures, shorn of their conversational brilliance, Shaw's plays, with the possible exception of "The Devil's Disciple," would have been particularly lacking in the qualities that make the flesh and blood of a good movie. In talkies he is on safer ground, though one still has grave doubts whether any of his bigger plays can be successfully adapted to the screen.

"How He Lied to Her Husband" (Cohan's), regarded as an augury of what is to come, is disappointing. The film

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was produced under Shaw's personal supervision; and it is rather a pity, for Shaw's ideas of direction, which cramp his plays even on the stage, are little short of disastrous when applied to the movies. He evidently does not feel the difference between the movies and the stage. Though Cecil Lewis, who directed the film, has given it a pleasant fluidity of changing "shots," he has adhered to the stage original in practically everything else. So much so, indeed, that he has confined the entire action to a single room, showing even that only from one end, as if, like a stage set, it had only three walls.

But what seems to matter even more is the essential theatricality of the whole piece. The intimacy of contact with the audience which enables the actor to make his points on the stage is still unobtainable in the talkies. A deficiency affecting all the genres of the talkies, it makes itself felt with especial force in the conventional theatrical genre, and "How He Lied to Her Husband," with its invented situation of a husband welcoming and even demanding admiration for his wife from a lover who feigns indifference to her, has decidedly all the earmarks of a stunt. On the screen this simply does not work.

Yet even this failure does not quite explain the paucity of effect produced by the film. The truth is that besides its situation—a not very happy conceit at best—the play has little to offer. What is most surprising of all, it has none of the Shavian brilliance of dialogue and none of the sudden twists of characterization that have made Shaw's reputation as a playwright. One is still kept in a state of amused bewilderment in watching the antics of "You Never Can Tell," but "How He Lied to Her Husband" is not even mildly amusing. The one relieving feature of the film is the acting of Miss Vera Lennox. The finesse of her craftsmanship is admirable.

The outstanding picture of the fortnight under review is "Al-Yemen" (Cameo). Here at last is a travel picture that knows how to tell its story. After seeing it one knows not only something of the scenery of this inaccessible Arabian kingdom, but also a great deal of the ways of life of its ancient though still primitive people. The social contrasts between the feudal sheiks and the downtrodden peasants are effectively brought out, as are the conditions in the local trades, with a very subtle hint at the foreign exploitation. Not the least interesting feature of the film is the picture it draws of the Ghetto life of the Jews in the community, the only numerous section of the population that throughout the ages has preserved its identity under the dominant Moslems.

ALEXANDER BAKSHY

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WITHIN THE FORTNIGHT appears on page 140,—*dinners and luncheons on page* 139

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Social Welfare in Vienna

By DR. SIEGFRIED KRAUS

THE war and the years after the war brought in their train disaster and difficulty to the whole world; in Vienna the effects of those years were especially serious. Until the end of the war Vienna was the capital of an empire of fifty million subjects; the population of Austria as it was reconstituted after the war was six and a half million. The old was to the new Austria as the earth to the moon. Moreover, the countries which tore themselves away from the old Austria, among them Hungary and Czecho-Slovakia, were the richest of the old empire.

In Vienna itself four years of war had brought shortage of food for nearly all the inhabitants; for many those years had meant a deterioration in health; and for the youth, to some extent, they had meant neglect in education. There existed a terrible scarcity in lodgings. Thousands of young people had married and there were no homes for them. Food grew scarcer and scarcer from day to day and the number of those who could not find employment increased rapidly. At the same time many thousands of fugitives poured in, adding to the number to be fed and sheltered.

Help came from almost all parts of the world. We will not forget what America did for us then. But such help could be only temporary; its sources were bound to dry up some time. We must help ourselves and we must particularly bear in mind that it was our first duty, at any cost, to save our population from utter destruction, to restore its physical and moral forces. For only if the "organic capital" of Vienna, so to speak, was preserved, could we hope for an economic improvement in the future. We had to begin, therefore, with the children of all ages, from the baby up to the youth and girl. To that end the Städtisches Jugendamt, or the city department for juveniles, was established.

The organization turned its attention first to the care of the unborn child. Expectant mothers with no means received free advice about what to do before, during, and after confinement and were given financial assistance. I wish especially to mention what is called Mutterhilfe, or mother-help. Mothers who do not belong to any of the Krankenkassen, or institutions for sick insurance, are paid ten (Austrian) schillings per week for four weeks after delivery. They are required, in turn, to undergo a blood examination in the fourth month of pregnancy at the latest, as a safeguard against syphilis. If this examination shows a positive result, the mother is treated free of charge.

The Jugendamt successfully endeavors to ascertain all births in Vienna. For this purpose in all municipal institutions for confinement and also in all clinics there are municipal social workers, who call on the mother and child directly after the birth and procure for them what they need. Owing to the fact that nearly two-fifths of all legitimate and illegitimate children are born in the institutions mentioned, it is possible to obtain fairly accurate and comprehensive statistics of birth. Moreover, the Jugendamt is also informed of other cases, for the midwives as well as the local authorities are obliged to report births. Regardless of their financial condition, all mothers of newly born babies can, upon demand, receive baby linen free of charge, providing these mothers are natives and citizens of Vienna. Application for such aid may be made until the eighth month of pregnancy to the Jugendamt of the district in which the woman lives. And it is carefully pointed out that this help is not to be considered as alms, but as a gift which the city thinks it is its duty to give.

Besides its head office the Jugendamt has fourteen district offices and each of these has attached to it one advisory office for mothers, managed by physicians and kept open several days each week. The district Jugendämter are also the headquarters for the "General Guardianship," organized for the protection of all illegitimate children. Individual guardianship, that is, appointment of individuals as guardians for illegitimate children, had not in the past proved a great success. The guardians were often not in a position to safeguard satisfactorily the rights of their wards. The Guardianship was organized to meet the problem. Among other services it gives advice on all questions concerning education, and for its purposes it employs the services of physicians, psychologists, and teachers. It maintains close contact with the school through municipal social workers, whose duty it is also to call upon any family in their district likely to need help. Thus the school, the Jugendamt, and the physicians cooperate.

Such cooperation has proved valuable also in organizing the provision of meals for schoolchildren, which was undertaken during the war as a measure of public emergency and was greatly extended after the war through the help of the American relief organizations. Today we have a comprehensive municipal institution for the boarding of pupils, which offers a regular luncheon to all children who seem to be in need of it. The preparation and distribution of food is carried on by the Public Food-Distributing Company of Vienna, which was founded by the government and the city of Vienna in 1919. The children are first examined by a physician and then sent to one of the food depots, which in all cases are located in schools. The price of the luncheon is set at sixty groschen, but payment in most cases is waived.

The health of children is being fostered by several other institutions. In many city districts excellently equipped school dental clinics have been established and these report an ever-increasing attendance by the pupils. There are also numerous institutions for recreation, including many vacation homes in the country and day homes located on the outskirts of Vienna. These institutions are open not only to schoolchildren, but also to thousands of apprentices. At the same time the number of municipal playgrounds is increasing.

Another field of activity of the Jugendamt is the organization of kindergartens and children's homes. These institutions in many cases are considered to be models of their kind and are attended by many thousands of children. It is interesting to note that most of the kindergartens do not close at noon but keep the children during the whole day. In all of them children may receive breakfast and in those which

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are open the whole day they may receive luncheon as well.

The Horte, or homes for schoolchildren, offer adequate occupation to the children outside school hours and for the whole day during vacation. These homes look out for both the psychical and the physical education of the children. They provide lessons in gymnastics and swimming and excursions into the country. The development of these homes and of the kindergartens is of great importance in view of the living conditions of the modern family in a big city or industrial center, where the work of the father must be performed in a place separated from his home and where, often, the mother also must work outside the home in order to help earn the living.

Day homes, kindergartens, and similar institutions lead naturally to another kind, namely, institutions for temporary care of children, and others for more or less permanent care. The most important institution for the temporary care of children in Vienna is the municipal Kinderübernahmestelle. All the children who are to be taken in by municipal or private homes for pay have to pass through this institution and be registered and examined as to their special needs. It has several departments—one for babies, one for children from one to two years who are unable to walk, one for small children, and one for girls and boys of school age; there is also an infirmary. Each department is equipped with a tea-kitchen, laundry, and bathroom. In the event of a contagious disease it is possible to isolate each department immediately. After three weeks' observation, final decision is made as to where the child shall be sent. There are three possibilities. The child may be sent back to its own family, brought up in a foster family, or sent to an institution.

The Kinderübernahmestelle functions also as first-aid station. It receives children who may be found in the street, at home, or elsewhere in a helpless condition. Not only district social workers, but also the supervising officers for the poor, the police, the poorhouse, the hospitals, and similar institutions apply to the Kinderübernahmestelle in the case of necessity. A second institution for the temporary lodging of children, the observation center on the Wilhelminenberg, carries on more thorough researches into educational conditions of schoolchildren.

For the permanent lodging of children there is the large Zentralkinderheim, or central children's home, which cares for babies and, if necessary, their mothers. Children up to six years old are cared for. The city of Vienna owns also a number of orphan asylums and two homes for girls and boys who have had to be taken away from their homes but who show no great deficiency in education. The children in these homes attend the public schools. Special mention must be made of the great institution at Eggenburg to which children and youths showing great deficiencies in education are sent. Here are a school and a continuation school, where the children are prepared for trades by selected teachers and craftsmen. Finally there are apprentice homes in which orphans are lodged and fed while they follow their trades outside during the day.

Social work for adults in Vienna is conducted by institutions situated in various districts of the city and manned by Viennese citizens chosen for the purpose, who hold honorary office. Thousands of men and women are engaged in this work. The problems they have to solve are mostly

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*Grand Hotel—National—W. 41 St.
‡Meet My Sister—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
†Once in a Lifetime—Music Box—W. 45 St.
†Petticoat Influence—Empire—40 St. and B'way.
†The Greeks Had a Word For It—Harris—42 St. W. of B'way.
*The Green Pastures—Mansfield—W. 47 St.
†The Man in Possession—Booth—45 St. W. of B'way.
‡The New Yorkers—Shubert—44 St. W. of B'way.
‡Three's a Crowd—Selwyn—W. 42 St.
*Tomorrow and Tomorrow—43 St. E. of B'way.
†Vinegar Tree—Playhouse—48 St. E. of B'way.

* Drama. † Comedy. ‡ Musical.

Films

Sous les Toits de Paris—(French)—Little Carnegie—57 St. E. of 7 Ave.
Zwei Herzen Im 3-4 Takt—(German)—55 St. Playhouse E. of 7 Ave.
News Reel—Embassy—B'way and 46 St.
Paris Bound, beginning Sat., Jan. 31, The Best People, beginning Wed., Feb. 4—The Plaza—58 St. E. of Madison Ave.
Vi Tva, (Lady Lies)—(Swedish)—5 Ave. Playhouse, 66 Fifth Ave.
Gretel Und Liesel (Kohlhiesel's Tochters)—8 St. Playhouse—52 W. 8 St.

Music

Mary Wigman, dancer—Carnegie Hall—Sat. eve., Jan. 31.
League of Composers—Second concert of Modern Chamber Music—The Art Center—Sun. aft., Feb. 1
Yehudi Menuhin—Carnegie Hall—Mon. eve., Feb. 9.
Rachmaninoff, pianist—Carnegie Hall—Sat. aft., Feb. 14.
Myra Hess, pianist—Town Hall—Sun. aft., Feb. 15.

of a humanitarian nature. Financial assistance is given to adults who need help, sometimes in a lump sum and sometimes in instalments. Care must be taken also of those people who have no sick insurance, of drunkards, of consumptives, and of the victims of venereal diseases and mental disorders. Care of the sick is carried on partly through hospitals, partly through clinics, and partly through consultations. There is an advisory office for people intending to marry.

It can be truly said that social work in Vienna takes care of people in need from the cradle to the grave. All branches of welfare work are united in a huge municipal organization, the Welfare Office, and controlled by it. The Welfare Office is under the control of a single man, the town councilor in charge of it. This councilor is elected by the people and responsible to them.

The fundamental idea of the social-welfare work done by the city of Vienna is the moral conception of the dignity of man. The municipality is of the opinion that help granted to a man who needs it should never be regarded as an act of charity but rather as a duty, and that the man has a legal right to such help. But the municipality also is of the opinion that it is the duty of everyone who is in need to help himself. The community must help only in so far as the needy man cannot help himself. So it follows that the fundamental purpose of welfare work should be to make it possible for the needy man to help himself.

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